Week ending May 9 1959

JOHN BULL

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

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and
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The Cover

Now here's a dog's life for you! Yesterday Zelinski's puzzled cover pup was being cuffed and kicked around the High Street, with "stray" written all over him. But now, it seems, he's a non-paying guest for good—with a desirable, detached residence thrown in. If only he had *two* tails to wag! Yes, it's a shaggy dog story with a happy ending. He'll match the dignity of this ideal home with a growl that will terrify the boldest feline, even if it sets his master cursing

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature, "We Advise."

Unpaid Slackers

A FEW months ago, while living in the south of England, I joined a charity organization as I was anxious to do something useful.

But it became quite clear to me that the people who were running it were willing to tolerate any amount of inefficiency and incompetence merely because "after all, these people aren't paid, you know."

Until now, I have always opposed the idea of charity being state-run. Now I'm not so sure. The people who organize charity, at a local level anyway, seem to be those who, in business, would never stand an earthly of being given responsibility.—J. S., Oldham, Lancashire.

Salmon Leaps

On a trip to Scotland I was told by a gillie that salmon usually ran well when there was going to be plenty of water in the top reaches of rivers for spawning.

This meant a summer with a lot of rain. He said that last year the salmon had run very heavily—and that we had a very wet summer.

To my horror he then said that the salmon are running just as heavily this year again. I wonder if you can tell me whether our fears for downpours this summer are justified or not?—L. WELLS, Harwich, Essex.

"The real reason why salmon appear to run better some seasons than others is that the water in the lower reaches of rivers is deeper than usual," says an expert.

"That makes it easier to go up river. But it's the biological urge which makes salmon run—and that urge is consistent year by year."

Tots En Route

There must be many people with relatives in other parts of the country who are unable to pay for train fares for themselves for visits, but could afford to send their children.

What about British Railways providing children's couriers on main-line trains? These would accompany the children safely to where their friends were waiting.

I'm sure there would be a large revenue for British Railways in this idea.—W. B. ROSS, Rossmore Road West, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.

All Wrapped Up

Many people might like to have a good tip for sending china and other breakable objects through the post.

Wrap the article in damp newspaper before packing and then wrap in the usual way.

When the paper dries it forms a stiff protective layer which gives articles a much better chance of being delivered intact.—P. E. MILNER, Jersey, Channel Isles.

All Burned Up

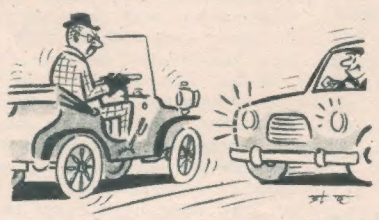
With the changing from coal to electric fires I wonder how many people come to realize how much rubbish is burned on an ordinary fire.

Electric and gas fires will alleviate smog, but I notice that there are almost daily bonfires in the gardens of those householders who have gone over to "dry" heat. The ensuing smoke is a good deal blacker and more unpleasant than the thin wisp that emerges from most house chimneys.

Since much garbage must be burned, it seems as though the solving of one problem has created another.—MRS. E. A. HARRIS, Dixon Lane, Leeds, 12.

Speedmanship

The increase of radar speed traps has encouraged a new *esprit de*



corps among road users. Seldom does one come upon these check points without previous warning from the flashing headlights of fellow motorists. But what is the legal position of these well-meaning drivers?—A. H. SKINNER, Eastern Avenue, Largs, Ayrshire.

"If the car a driver is 'flashing' isn't speeding, then he is committing no offence," says a lawyer. "But if the car is speeding, then the helpful signaller is guilty of obstructing the police."

Stupid Volts

One of the difficulties presented on removal from one area to another is the variety in the voltage of the electricity supply.

Why could there not be uniformity throughout the country?

And also, why should plugs for electric appliances not be made with the same size of prongs?—IRVING SCOTT, North Road, Bourne, Lincs.

The Electricity Council says: "When the industry was nationalised in 1948 there were different standard voltages throughout the country.

"Since then there has been a steady drive towards the approved standard voltage of 240 a.c., and more than 13,000,000 consumers are on the standard, with 2,000,000 on other voltages.

"This is a very costly process and the problem of standardization is mainly economic.

"As far as plugs are concerned, the aim is the British Standards Institute recommendations of standard 5- and 13-amp plugs for household use."

They'll Look Down

Apart from the extra cost of flat roofs (JOHN BULL, April 18), there is the matter of privacy. The Englishman's home is his castle and I have a feeling that many householders would be perturbed by the presence of neighbours constantly overlooking family life in adjoining gardens.—GORDON WAGSTAFF, Thorpe Bay, Essex.

Boredom Rules

With the start of another cricket season, one prophecy can be safely made—that there will be still fewer spectators at county and Test matches than last season.

But why does cricket appeal less and less to the working man? About 115 years ago 20,000 people attended a single wicket game between the respective champions of Kent and Yorkshire.

Rules have gone a long way towards ruining present-day cricket. The moment a bowler thinks up a new form of attack the M.C.C. creates a rule to negate it.

Cricketers have become self-conscious about taking risks. It seems to me that the M.C.C. moguls need to do some hard constructive thinking this year.—BRUCE CHARLES, 12 Crofton Road, Orpington, Kent.

Open Market

Congratulations on your article, "The Americans Won't Let Us Earn An Honest Dollar" (March 28).

We can't prevent the Americans restricting imports to protect their firms.

What we can do—and must have the common sense and guts to do—is to tell the United States and the world that we will trade where we like.

We can't have foreign governments telling us that we must not

trade with Russia or China. We must trade where we can sell.

We are a nation living by trade; we could be a nation dying for lack of it.—JAMES E. C. MILLER, Fourth Avenue, Wickford, Essex.

. . . The British won't let us—the Dutch—earn an honest pound!

The American attitude your article complains about is the same as that which your government is applying to our K.L.M. airline: we have been forbidden to make more than one landing a week in Singapore.

That B.O.A.C. cannot be run economically is not exactly the fault of K.L.M.

There was a time when the British in Singapore were glad to see our planes—when we helped to defend it against the Japs.—H. H. KOOPMANS, Rotterdam.

Ancient Brynners?

One illustration of your serial *Earthshaker* (April 11) makes me wonder why, in pictures of primitive races, tribesmen seldom seem to have beards or moustaches.

I'm positive they don't shave every morning, and I doubt if they know what a razor is.

What is their secret?—W. PITT, Grove Road, Gillingham, Kent.

"One shouldn't presume that the Zulus are very primitive people," says the British Museum.

"They would be most fussy about their appearance and would have ways of controlling hair—either by plucking it out or trimming.

"Negroid peoples as a whole tend to be less hairy than Europeans."

VALLEY OF FEAR

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY HELWEG

I WENT up the familiar hill towards the red-roofed clump of houses on its crown. The white dust was soft under my feet, the sweat warm and comforting on my back, as if my muscles were running in a film of oil. It felt good and cool to be wet like that, after the Sahara. You don't sweat much there, after a year or so. There's no liquid left in you. And my kitbag felt like a feather after the pack, the rifle and the hand grenades.

Up the last steep rise to the square, with its burned brown grass and broken fountain. Nothing was different. Even the same black mongrel lay in the shadowed doorway of the Auberge des Fleurs. Four years I'd been away. And now I was home.

"How are you, Michel?" I said, bending down to scratch the dog's head, the way I used to when he was a puppy. He lifted his long black lip and snarled at me.

"Michel!" I said, shocked. "It's me, André. Don't you remember me?"

HIS head moved in a blur and if I hadn't whipped back my hand like lightning he would have had the fingers off it. I stood up, feeling a chill inside, as if the sun had gone in. I'd thought of this moment for a long time: Indo-China, and the long march south, believing that at least home lay at the end; and then Algeria instead. A year later, I had the letter saying that my father had died, joining my mother, and that the farm had been sold to pay the debts, and for the funeral; debts that wouldn't have existed if I had been there to work.

Sometimes after that I thought that I would never go home again. That I would marry the sand. There are good things in the Sahara, if you can forget the killing. Why go home to nothing, no one? And yet, and yet. . . .

Simone . . . she would still be there. Maybe she'd be married by now. She must be twenty-one, twenty-two, and she had never answered my letters, after the first year. But it didn't matter. She'd still be there. And Grigi, her brother. He'd got home from Dien Bien Phu, I'd heard. I'd never cared for him much. But he too was a part of home. And M. le Brun. And a hundred others. People and streets and things that meant childhood, and home, and France.

I was sure Simone would be married, and I almost turned and walked down the hill again. I think it was no more than tiredness and thirst that brought me inside the inn.

The head curtains clicked as I pushed through them into the cool darkness of the bar. There were the shadows of men talking, the dull gleam of wine on the shelves, a smell of cooking from the kitchen at the back. My eyes began to focus and the shadows became men; men I'd known since I could talk. And again the feel of home rushed over me like a warm tide: Bruno, fat as a pig behind the bar; Albert with his grey fringe of moustache, looking up from the dominoes like an old walrus; Jean Besnard, the shopkeeper's foolish son; Pierre the postman with his stooped shoulder—not one of them changed.

And between them, Grigi. He sat there now as if he'd never moved since I saw him last. His red black hair curled up over the neck of his singlet from the bull chest. The small head was almost lost between the huge shoulders. The thick, hair-matted hands were locked: one on his glass, the other on the bottle of cognac. And down one side of his face ran the long white sabre scar that the wild boar had given him with his tusk, five years ago, just before I left.

It had always been a joke that Grigi was so ugly when Simone his sister was so pretty. Although it was not one that Grigi had appreciated much, and once he got big enough, people didn't make it where he could hear. He looked up, and then down again at his glass, filling it very slowly. The others went on looking at me, and I smiled, waiting for them to recognize me, to come running. I felt their hands thumping on my back already. This was home. These men were the friends I had known all my life.

But no one spoke, and the smile on my face began to stiffen. "It's me," I said, at last, and my voice sounded cracked and strange in my own ears. "André. André Chabert. Grigi, Jean, Bruno . . . don't you . . . don't you recognize me?"

The silence in the room stretched and stretched. The three of them playing dominoes, bent their heads, as if they didn't want to see me, as if they were afraid. And in the same moment Grigi raised his eyes. But he didn't smile. Only Bruno made any gesture of welcome, flopping his white, fat hands like flippers.

For the second time I felt my heart turn cold. "What kind of welcome is this?" I said through stiff lips. "After four years?"

"You're not the only man who's been away," said Grigi. His hand rolled the bottle of cognac on its round base, and I saw with a small shock that where the index finger had been there was only a red stump. So that was why he'd got out of going to Algeria. A soldier without a trigger finger isn't much use there.

"Welcome?" Bruno was babbling. "Of course . . . it's just that we're surprised . . . astonished . . . have a drink, heh? And your poor father, God rest his soul . . . how can we be glad to greet you with such sad news? And the farm. . . ."

THE babbling tailed away. He looked at Grigi as if he was frightened, and made no move to pour out the drink he'd offered me. The silence stretched again, and I began to understand. The farm. It had seemed strange at the time that father had so many debts that the farm must be sold to pay them. But what could I do from so far away? And, with death close to me, it hadn't seemed to matter. But now. . . .

"Who has the farm?" I said.

No one spoke for a long moment, and then Grigi nodded. "I have," he said, and he opened his mutilated hand, as if it was a map of the land. And then closed it, slowly, until the remaining knuckles whitened. And I understood as if the whole story had been whispered to me in that second; my father dying, leaving the few debts that every man has, and because he was old and alone, no cash to pay them.

Ordinarily the creditors would have waited for me to settle with them. But where was I? Would I ever come home? And what value would the land still have when I came, if it was left to run wild? These must have been the arguments that men greedy for a little money found convincing. Bruno had been one of them, I guessed. And Jean Besnard's father in the general store. And Grigi had come home just then to his own sour little farm that his wife had brought him as a dowry; the farm of the Sanglier, sunk in its deep, poisonous valley, where the winter is a month longer than on the hills. I could imagine his hands reaching for our farm, lying open on the high slope of the ridge.

SUDDENLY, I wanted to be sick. Five years' fighting, of sweating blood in the rice fields of Viet Nam, in the sands of the Sahara, in narrow, hate-filled alleyways in the Casbah of Algiers. For what? So that one day I could sit in my own house, drink my own wine, see my son that I'd have grow up to follow me. And all this Grigi had closed his hands on.

"You swine," I said. "Robbing a comrade that fought beside you. Stealing his birthright."

"André," Bruno was twittering. "Are you mad? . . . have a drink . . . a brandy."

"Swine?" said Grigi softly. He lifted himself on to his feet, and flexed his fingers gently round the edges of the marble top of the table. He moved so slowly that I was hypnotized. I heard the neck of a bottle chatter against the rim of a glass as Bruno poured a brandy. I heard Albert hissing between his gap teeth as he sucked in his breath. I watched Grigi's thick, dark fingers tighten on the white stone.

And then it came—like a sheet of white lightning slicing through the shadows towards my head. The whole stone top of the table hurled at me like the giant blade of an axe. And I was paralysed. My mind still watching, unable to move, to know that this was my own death coming. Only something much deeper than mind saved me, forcing the muscles to move, forcing me to sway aside.

A corner of the flat, edged stone brushed my neck. I staggered and the room was filled with the crash of glass breaking as it hit a mirror. Splinters of stone and glass showered down on me, but I couldn't look. Grigi was coming, bullet head down, shoulders rounded, a bottle snatched from behind him swinging in his fist.

I waited till the last shaving of a second and rolled to one side along the wall. The room shook as he hit the wall and there was a reek of brandy as the bottle smashed.

"Swine," I said again in his ear, and drove my fist into his side, just over the heart. It sank into rubber ropes of muscle, jarring my wrist.

"Police," Bruno was screaming, although the nearest gendarme was at least ten kilometres away. The bottle neck slashed towards my face, and I ducked again, dragging out of my memory all the unarmed combat lessons I'd ever sweated through. Right hand catch the back of his right wrist. Left hand under his right elbow. Pull and lift. He seemed to have no weight, to float in the air for a long second. Then he hit the floor with his face and lay quite still. Only the neck of the bottle rolled out of his hand. I took a long, shivering breath, and it was as if I hadn't breathed for a long time.

"Is he dead?" whispered Bruno. And I realized the others had gone.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think I care."

"You'd better get out," said Bruno, his face sweating like cheese. "Oh my God, oh my God."

GRIGI moaned on the floor, his fingers clawing at the boards. I put my hand out to the brandy bottle.

"What are you going to do?" Bruno whispered. He must have thought I was going to finish what I'd begun, the way Grigi would have done if things had gone differently.

"I'll have the drink you offered me," I said, filling a glass.

"And then?" said Bruno. "Then you'll go? He'll kill you. . . ." His eyes were slithering over the mirror, the table top, the damaged wall, counting francs, terrified that there'd be more damage.

"You'll be paid," I said. "I'll send you the money."

I was finishing the drink, almost turning to go, when Bruno said it. "God help Simone," he muttered.

God help Simone. It stopped me dead. "Why did you say that?" I said, my duffel bag half-way to my shoulder.

Bruno shrugged. "She lives with him still," he said, as if that explained everything.

"With Grigi?" I said. "With her

Grigi had robbed me. Now he meant to kill me. And he would kill his sister and his daughter too—because they had come away with me

He came softly yet certainly, swinging his gun. He was not quite sure we were there at all. But the child moved—and he heard

Valley of fear

continued from page 4

brother? Why has she never married?"

"How could she?" said Bruno. He was sopping a rag in the slop bucket, that he'd brought close to Grigi's head. "Who sees her down in Le Sanglier? Oh, oh, she'll pay for this when he gets down there tonight. . . ." And he made a gesture like a hand slapping a face, and screwed up his eyes and mouth in simulated pain. "When things go wrong for him, like now, he's a living devil." He mopped at Grigi's head, cleaning away the blood.

"What . . . ?" I began.

But what was there to ask? Simone was down there, ill-treated. I turned out of the inn door and went down the road the opposite way to the one I'd come. Down towards Le Sangier.

Le Sanglier, the farm of the Wild Boar. It was called that after Grigi's accident, five years before, when he'd first gone there with his young, plain, gentle wife; a patch of poor land not much good for anything, that she had brought him as the least part of her dowry. But after a couple of years of marriage as a hired man he'd determined to make a farm out of it, and be free. No one was surprised when his wife grew sick. And then she'd died, I'd heard. That must be why Simone was there.

But the wild boar. He'd been the biggest any man had ever seen in our valleys. We'd all got up a hunt—thirty men, and all the dogs in the neighbourhood. But Grigi had wanted the glory for himself and had gone out for him alone, before dawn, before any of us woke.

It was Jean and I who had found Grigi, his cheek and shoulder slashed to ribbons, his rifle twisted into scrap iron fifty metres away. But of the boar we found nothing, although Grigi swore afterwards he hit him dead on the heart with his first shot. And true enough there were great splashes of pig blood on the ground leading away up the hill.

After that the boar became a local legend, and the farm was called Le Sanglier, in its honour. And Grigi used to swear that, as the Devil loved him, one day he'd have that boar's skull, or its better, nailed to his door.

All this and a thousand things I remembered, going down to the farm, dropping down into the afternoon stillness of the valley. It wouldn't be good for Simone down here. I thought of her running on the hillside after my mother's goats, and the wind blowing in her hair. What kept her down here in this sick valley? Fear? That wasn't like the Simone I knew.

A long way ahead I saw the white flash of linen spread out to dry, and the grey wall of a house. Then I came out from the hot twilight of the trees into sunlight that was like a weight. Two great plane trees shaded the house—or the hovel, rather. There were four crumbling walls, windows without glass in them, a thin goat tethered by the door. Dirty water ran in an open drain.

"Simone," I shouted. "Simone."

There was a sound of swift, light feet running. A voice called "Coming, Papa, coming"—a voice shrill with terror. And before I could think what voice it could be, a small child had turned the corner of the house, her bare feet racing, almost flying. Then she saw me, and stopped—not in fright, as a lonely child might, seeing a sudden stranger, but in sheer relief.

"Who are you?" I said.

She swallowed, and whispered: "Marianne." And I knew she must be Grigi's child, the child of the woman who had died down here in this valley. Simone's niece.

"Where is Simone?" I said, as gently as I knew how.

The child pointed dumbly across the valley. When she lifted her arm a jagged tear in her dress showed the bare, bone-thin body underneath. "She is coming," she whispered.

I lifted my head and saw a stranger, a stranger who stared at me with dark, hollowed eyes. Her face was sallow with fever, and thin as a carving in ivory. I could see the strings of her throat and the bones of her breast under the patched, threadbare dress. And yet she was beautiful as the old Simone had never been.

"Simone," I said. "Is it . . . is it you?" I held out my hands because I could think of nothing else to do. I took her in my arms and kissed her eyes. They were dry and burning hot. "You're ill," I said stupidly. "How have you let him do this to you?"

For answer she pointed at the child. "I love her," she said. "Her mother asked me to love her just before she died." She stopped, looking away from me into nothingness. "That was just after you went away. A month later Grigi went too, and for a year I looked after Marianne and the farm by myself, with a boy. We were happy then, except that I knew this farm was hopeless, for what Grigi wanted from it. I wrote a few times to tell him that. But he wrote back like a madman, as if this patch of near waste-land he'd got his hands on were the marrow of his bones. So I didn't say any more."

We sat down on a stone bench under the trees. And each of us tried to say something, but neither of us could.

After a while Simone began talking of her own accord. She spoke of the year when she and Marianne had been alone there together. I remembered she had written to me about that time, and how I had carried the letter with its short, spare, clumsy phrases until it came to pieces.

"You wrote to me then," I said. "Why did you never write again?"

"What could I write?" she said. "And you were so far away, with troubles of your own. And then, if you'd answered, he would have taken your letter and read it. . . ." She shivered.

"And when he came back?"

"He wasn't so bad at first," she said. "It was only when he got your land that he turned completely the way he is."

"Conscience?" I said.

"Conscience? Mother of God, no. Only greed." She pointed from Marianne to herself. "We work from before dawn till after dark. I was weeding when you came. Marianne was fetching me a cup of water, or she'd have been weeding too."

Then she was crying and I was holding her hands.

"Why haven't you run away?" I said.

"Because the child belongs to him. The police would fetch her back to him if I tried to take her anywhere. And I couldn't leave her here." The child seemed to tremble in the shadows beside us.

"You must come away with me," I said at last. As I spoke, a shadow moved on the edge of the forest, and I stiffened until I realized it was on four legs. Was it a calf?

"But where?" said Simone. She let her hands fall helplessly into her lap, she who had once had all the strength of courage in her eyes.

"Either you come with me," I said, "or I wait here with you until he comes. And then I shall have to kill him. Because you must not live with him any longer."

And I thought. *It will always be between us if I kill him. If I kill her brother, her own blood, however bad.* And yet it would be good to kill him.

The shadow moved again on the forest edge and vanished. It couldn't have been a calf. No cattle lived down here in the valley bottom.

"I don't know," she said brokenly.

There was nothing left in her. I reached out and gripped her wrist. I said: "How soon will he come?"

"When it's dark." She looked round into the shadows and trembled.

"Then come with me now," I said.

"Maybe it would be best," she said. "Just for tonight. Tomorrow. . . ."

I didn't argue with her. It was enough for the moment if she came. I had a cousin in the next village who'd give them beds, and I could carry the child there. Unless Grigi came too soon.

"Come," I said. "You need bring nothing. I'll arrange all that."

But the child was already carrying something, a doll with one leg, its face washed to a mask by the years.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"There's only the one path," said Simone in a lost voice. And then, urgently and close: "Oh André, I'm afraid. I'm afraid." And she clung to me, her whole body shaking. I felt the bones of her ribs under my hands.

"Come," I whispered. "Only a little while to be brave."

It was almost dark under the trees. We walked softly, like Indians, listening at every step. "If we hear him coming," I breathed, "we must hide." But would I let him go by?

A twig crackled, and we stood like trees. Was it a step? I thought I could hear breathing in the darkness, heavy, yet secret. A shadow moved as if a bush was blowing, but there was no breath of wind. The little girl slid her cold fingers into mine, and I felt them trembling. But it was too soon to carry her, to have my hands unready.

I began to feel that we were being watched. You get that sense in the desert, of something watching from the darkness, waiting to kill. A stone rattled on the hillside above us. Was it a trap—the stones up there, and down here something, someone, watching each step we took? Did he know? Had he followed me down, watched and listened, and waited for this moment for revenge? Was he behind those trees, in that dark hummock of shadow, lobbing pebbles far up the hillside to make us think he was there?

The shadow moved, vanished. "Into the trees," I breathed, pressing them softly off the path. "Crouch down and follow me."

I weaved a zigzag, behind a thicket of laurel and green oak, back to an outcrop of rock, back farther to the shadow of a ruined olive terrace.

I felt my throat dry and it was hard to swallow. Listen. Listen. A pebble again. And I felt as if a rifle barrel was drawing aim on my back. Beside me Simone drew in her breath and I put my hand to her mouth. There was a footstep crunching softly on rotten twigs, the glint of metal between two trees. And he was coming.

He held the shotgun at the trail in his good left hand, and his small head was hunched so low that it seemed a part of his shoulders. The reek that came to us from him was brandy. He must have been drinking solidly since I left him on the floor of the inn, drinking and listening to the whispers that would have come to him. "André went down towards your farm."

He came softly yet certainly, swinging his gun a little. Bruno's gun? Jean Besnard's? Had they known why he wanted it? How could they not have known? I felt sick inside at my own people. But in ten seconds he would be past, and the road would be free.

He was level now. And the child moved. Only a little, shaken with terror at the sight of her father. Yet he heard. The little head and the huge shoulders swung. The gun barrel probing at the shadows where we lay.

"Are you there?" he said softly. The drink never touched his tongue. Never had. "My little family? Their returned hero? Come out to me, my loves, my friend. My old war comrade." He was softly stepping from the path, not quite towards us. He was not quite sure of the direction, not quite sure we were there at all. But almost sure, with a kind of drunken intuition.

I felt for a little stone in the grass. Not a stone, but a small branch. Lift it gently as blown grass. Not the best thing, but something. Throw it like an arrow, now, when his eyes were half turned.

It fell with a soft rustle of twigs ten

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TOO SOON FOR SUMMER

A chilly breeze whirls paper bags along the promenade,
While workmen bang and scrape and paint the weary, stained façade
Of Sunnyside and Bella Vista, bleak and battle-scarred.

The deckchairs wait for occupants, the pier seems twice as long,
Our footsteps echo on its boards, the wind is much too strong,
The café needs a face-lift and the theatre needs a song.

Around the empty bandstand the seagulls swoop and screech,
A few disheartened trippers come scurrying from the beach,
An optimist displays a sign—Cream Ices, Sixpence Each!

AILSA FRANKLIN

The worried visitor

by **REX GRIZELL**

Pomp and circumstance greet the Shah this week. But at home he meets sneers, hatred—and maybe an assassin's knife

Mossadeq is overthrown. . . . In Rome, the Shah reads the cable recalling him to his throne

With Soraya on Capri. The Shah, now divorced, still protests his love for the ex-queen who failed to give him a son

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Persia, monarch of the Peacock Throne, called by his people the King of Kings, and the Shadow of the Lord, who is honoured this week with a State banquet at Buckingham Palace and lunch with the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at the Guildhall, was born in the harem of a modest home, the son of a Persian Cossack captain, Reza Khan. With him was born his twin sister Ashraf.

Reza Khan was a ruthless, iron-willed man whose lust for power and wealth found no satisfaction in routine duties and army pay. In 1921, at the head of a band of officers, he seized political power.

In 1925 he turned the shah off the throne and proclaimed himself Shah Reza Pahlevi.

When he died, nineteen years later, he left his son three thousand villages, one-twentieth of all the land in Persia and a fortune of £30 million. He had also begun the task of converting Persia from a backward, corrupt and almost medieval country into a modern state at peace with its neighbours.

Mohammed Reza succeeded to the throne on his father's abdication in 1941, and he has continued the same task. The safety of his own country and the Middle East could depend on his success.

Iran, a vast, arid country, ten times the size of England, is the key to Asia. It forms a natural bridge over which invading armies could roll into India or the Middle East. It also has the third richest oil reserves in the world.

For the present, British interests predominate in Persian oil.

The industry is conducted according to an agreement signed on October 29, 1954, between the Iranian Government and the National Iranian Oil Company on the one hand and a consortium of eight of the major oil companies on the other. Nine smaller American companies joined the group in 1955 and now British Petroleum (formerly Anglo-Iranian) has a forty per cent interest in the consortium, with another forty per cent shared between fourteen American companies. A Dutch company has fourteen per cent and a French company six per cent.

Fifty-fifty split

The agreement is for twenty-five years, with provision for three extensions of five years.

Profits are shared fifty-fifty between Iran and the consortium. Oil production increases annually, and last year its value was £88 million.

But British oil men have never been at ease since the National Iranian Oil Company concluded a new pattern of agreement with Italy in 1957. It was still a fifty-fifty agreement, but Iran owned a fifty per cent interest in the operating company, so that after taking the usual fifty per cent royalties they were still entitled to fifty per cent of the remaining profits. And since

The worried visitor

continued from previous page

then National Iranian have concluded an even more favourable deal with an American company.

British oil-men have been bound to recognize the possibility that the Shah may ask for a revision of the consortium's agreement on similar lines. This would be much more advantageous to the Shah, since the consortium is producing oil and the others have yet to find it.

After the Italian agreement the Shah lost no time in explaining the benefits to his people and in pointing out that they had him to thank for it.

Russia steps in

The position is further complicated by Russia's attitude to Persian oil. The Shah recently turned down a Russian offer to extract oil in Persia, give it to the Persians for nothing (apart from the cost of labour and a two per cent commission), then buy it back at the world market rate.

There were three objects behind this apparently generous offer. First, Russia wants the Middle East to accept her oil techniques, which, she says, are more advanced than those of the West. Second, to show the Middle East that Russia is prepared to undercut the world. Third, to introduce a new element in the Communist campaign to oust the Shah by a popular rising.

For British officials this week will be entertaining a man they have more than once given up for lost, a man who has clung precariously to his throne through crisis after crisis, a man who has survived plot and counterplot, a man who has seen his best ministers assassinated and who has himself faced an assassin's bullets and lived.

A moody, impulsive, often short-tempered man, the Shah is the one unifying force in the nation. Some of his supporters wish he would show the same brutal decisiveness of his father, who once found his son in the palace gardens gazing into a pool. He demanded what he was doing.

"Nothing, Father," said Mohammed Reza. "Just standing here thinking."

Reza Khan's face clouded. "Thinking! By Allah! One day you're going to be Shah, and you'll have to act, not think." He booted his son into the pool in disgust.

The Shah knows that Iran needs an iron hand like his father's, but he has always had difficulty in taking decisive action. As a young man he was easy-going, athletic and pleasure-loving, with a particular fondness for fast cars, fast planes and French mistresses.

When he succeeded his father in 1941, the Shah, whose Swiss education had given him a thorough grounding in democratic principles, attempted to put through his reforms constitutionally. His methods were contrasted unfavourably with the do-it-at-once-or-die approach of his father, and were interpreted as weakness and indecision. For twelve years he ruled ineffectively.

Moslem fanatics

Then, quite suddenly, events made him a changed man.

In 1951 the National Front party emerged. Led by Dr. Mossadeq, their slogan was "Take over the oil. Throw out the British." There were only seven of them among the 129 members of the Majlis (the lower house of parliament), but they were supported by Fidaiyan-Islam, a secret society of Moslem fanatics.

In March, 1951, General Ali Razmara, the Shah's pro-West Prime Minister, announced that Persia could not declare the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's oil concession null and void, because they did not have the technicians to run it themselves. Two days later he was shot dead as he entered a mosque.

Fidaiyan-Islam took full responsibility for the murder and warned members of parliament that "other criminals like Razmara will soon be dispatched."

A few days later parliament met to vote on the nationalization of oil. The members had to stand to be counted—with the eyes of Fidaiyan-Islam on them. Nobody voted against nationalization.

By 1953 practically all power had passed into the hands of Mossadeq. Against the will of the Shah, he had expropriated the oilfields, expelled the British and broken off diplomatic relations with London.

In August, 1953, when it was much too late, the Shah attempted a military coup against Mossadeq, but the Imperial Guards who went to arrest him were themselves arrested.

Unable to assert himself, the Shah fled to Rome with Queen Soraya. But the mystique of a 2,500-year-old monarchy does not fade away overnight. "In the last minute of the eleventh hour," as the Shah himself has since described it, a miracle occurred. Groups of monarchists, consisting of poor people and soldiers, took up the cry "Long live the Shah!" In a few desperate hours the wind had changed direction and become a royalist hurricane.

Mossadeq was arrested, his house was ransacked by the people and the army called the Shah back to Teheran.

When he arrived there was a tremendous emotional demonstration in his favour. The Shah spoke to his people with tears running down his cheeks.

"I never knew until that moment what I meant to them," he has since said.

"If I had let them down I would have been a traitor."

The incident has profoundly changed his character as a ruler. Since that time the Shah, who has more than once described himself as a mystic, has seen his work as a mission.

"God wanted to give me another chance to improve my country and better the living conditions of my people," he has said.

He has lost his tendency to indecision and has taken more power into his own hands. He has won for himself power to dissolve parliament and dismiss a government. He has filled every key post with men on whose loyalty he can depend.

Even so, he is no longer willing to delegate authority and he virtually acts as his own prime minister.

He is the man whose word counts in Persia today, but in spite of his new resolve there are plenty of old-guard administrators who are not impressed. "Mohammed Reza wants to be a strong man like his father," they sneer.

Many of these same elder statesmen have criticized the Shah because of his failure to ensure the succession of the dynasty. In a country where the succession cannot pass through the female line, he has been twice married and has not produced an heir.

He divorced his first wife, Fawzia, sister of ex-King Farouk, because she did not have a son, and he divorced Soraya for the same reason.

The Shah did not easily give up Soraya. She saw gynaecologists in Rome in 1953, New York in 1954, Paris in 1955, and Moscow in 1956. The Shah himself submitted to an examination. Since the divorce he has publicly protested his love for Soraya on several occasions.

"I must take another wife as a duty to my country," he has said recently. "I must have an heir and I must have one soon."

Whoever does marry the Shah will be marrying a man who, though he has given away £25 million of his fortune, remains one of the world's wealthiest men.

At thirty-nine, with his dark hair beginning to turn grey, he is a slim, energetic man of middle height, who tackles his responsibilities like a business executive, working long and regular hours at his desk.

But Persians are difficult to govern, are generally more devoted to their kinsmen than to the nation and are suspicious of every move by those in power. Iranian slum dwellers have been known to refuse to move into newly completed, low-cost housing estates because they were sure that there must be a trick to it.

The Shah has tried to replace tribal loyalties by national pride in all things Persian, a policy he describes as "positive nationalism."

Last year he began monthly press conferences to which all journalists in Persia are invited. At these conferences journalists may bring to his notice things concerning their own towns or villages. Another step towards unity is the introduction of provincial tours by the Cabinet.

In the next five years it is proposed to spend £200 million of Persia's oil revenues on roads, railways, ports, electrification, cement factories and other industrial projects, and the building of ten irrigation dams, more than a thousand health clinics and two international airports.

The Shah's new strength has been shown best in his foreign policy. For many years it was one of balance between Russia and the West. A concession of one kind to one would be balanced by a concession of a different kind to the other.

This came to an end in 1955, when Persia joined the Baghdad Pact and came down on the West's side of the fence. This was a personal decision of the Shah's, taken in the face of considerable internal opposition in the country. The Shah reinforced his attitude this year when he signed a new pact with the U.S.A., despite Russian warnings that it was in direct contravention of a treaty signed with them in 1921.

Now trouble is brewing again for the Shah. He has many enemies and all his achievements have an obverse. While he goes through the smooth formalities of a State visit, leaders of the Persian Tudeh (Communist) Party, who have spent years in exile in the Balkans, are plotting in Baghdad, predicting the fall of the monarchy in Persia.

Nobody to trust

The prospect of a Communist Iraq—raised by recent events there—is of grave concern to both Persia and Turkey. The Shah is also deeply disturbed by Communist agitation for an independent Kurdish state, embracing part of Iraq and parts of Turkey, Persia and Russia. This project is one to which Moscow gives much of the sixty hours of radio propaganda blasted out to Persia every week. Such a state would mean a Red corridor separating Turkey and Persia, the surviving members of the Baghdad Pact in the Middle East.

Both countries would probably oppose such a move by force.

The Shah has no natural allies in the Middle East. The peoples of Persia are not Arabs, and they regard the growth of Nasser's Arab Union with suspicion. Unlike countries such as Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Syria, whose boundaries and independence date from recent times, Persia has a long tradition of independence, within much the same boundaries as today.

Inside Persia the Shah can trust almost nobody. Though he has done much for poor areas in his country, his achievements do not compare with those of the Russians just across the border in Turkestan. Persians in those areas who know of the Russian achievements spread the seed of discontent, and the people could be turned against their champion. Meantime, the landowners cling grimly to their land, their power, their seats in the Majlis, bitterly opposing the Shah's reforms. His ministers resent the fact that he tells them exactly what to do. Religious fanaticism still burns like a torch, only waiting for a hand to put it to the waiting political bonfire.

Nobody can be sure which of the Shah's problems will be uppermost in his mind during his visit here. It could be oil, or arms (he has more than once complained that Persia cannot play her rôle in the Middle East "with her bare hands"), or the necessity for a wife and heir.

One thing is certain, the Shah is no longer the man to lose any opportunity to state his case. THE END

All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

The horse-power rating of cars for tax was abolished and replaced by a flat rate of £12 10s. a year.

Len Hutton became the first professional cricketer to captain England in Test Matches.

Charlie Smirke won the Derby and St. Leger on the Aga Khan's Tulyar.

Identity cards were abolished.

Family allowance of 5s. a week was increased to 8s.

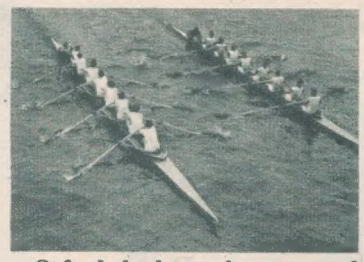
Tea-rationing ended in October.

The first cross-channel TV programmes were broadcast by the B.B.C. in July.

Mau Mau was much in the news, and the trial of Jomo Kenyatta started.

Because You're Mine, starring Mario Lanza, was chosen for the Royal Film performance.

The disbanded Home Guard was re-formed.



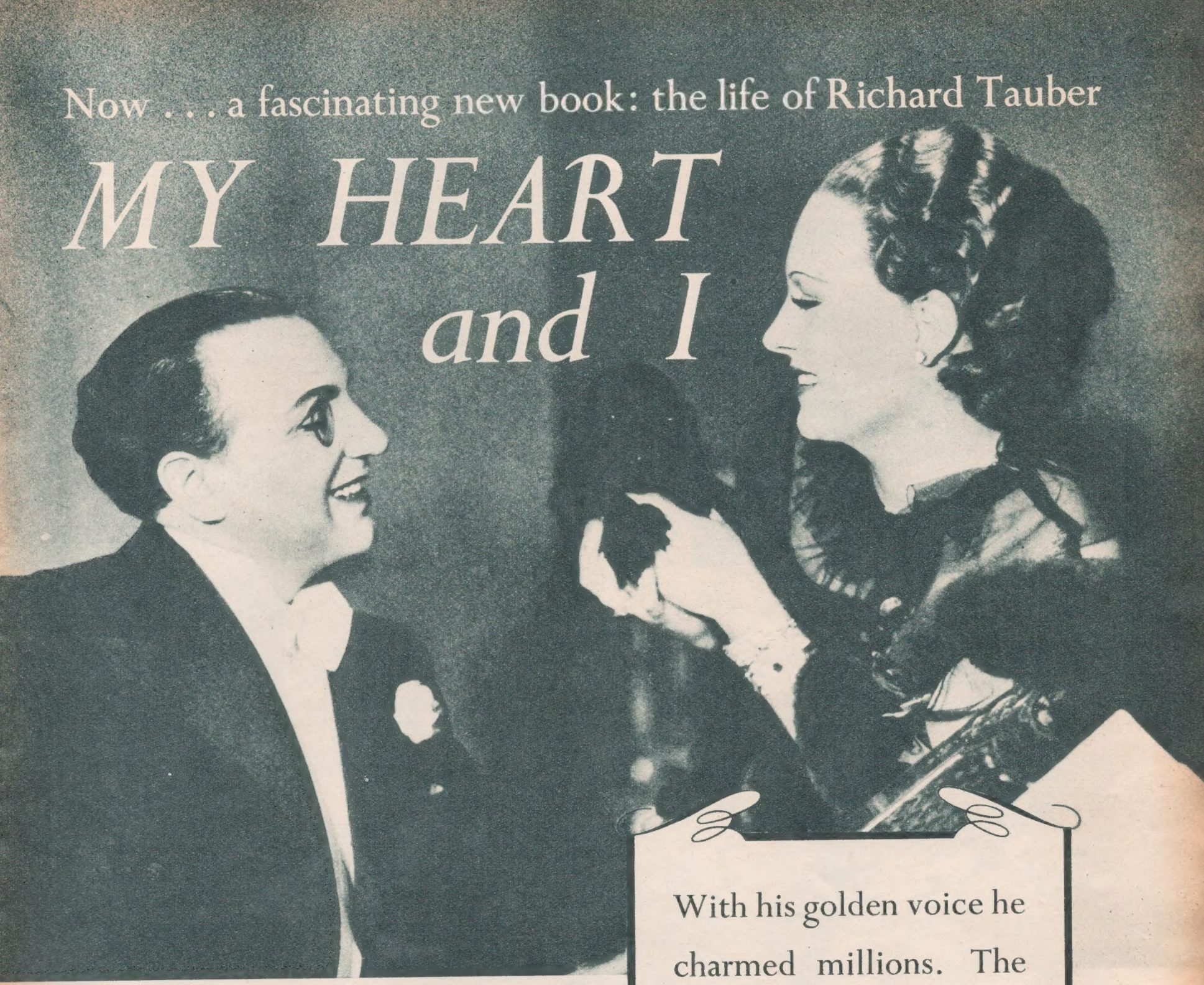
Oxford broke a long run of Cambridge successes by winning the boat race by a canvas.

In August the East and West Lynne rivers burst their banks and badly damaged Lynmouth.

Now turn to page 27 for the year

Now . . . a fascinating new book: the life of Richard Tauber

MY HEART and I



With his golden voice he charmed millions. The intimate story of a great star, told by the woman who knew him best . . .

I RUSHED up the stairs to Suzy Kilpin's private apartments over her dress shop in Grosvenor Street, London. It was early April in 1935.

"Dear, darling Suzy!" I said breathlessly. "It's my big night tonight. The *Mimi* première at the Regal, Marble Arch. Everyone will be there. A good part at last! Perhaps I'll get my Hollywood contract, after all."

Suzy sat down, laughing. "Stop behaving like a whirlwind and shut those doors."

I said: "Please lend me that black lace dress with the mantilla. *Please!*"

"Diana, you know it's part of my collection for tomorrow's show."

"I promise you I'll take care of it—no smoking and no lipstick."

Suzy nodded at last. "Who are you going with?" she asked.

"Monty Banks, the producer and comedian."

When we arrived at the cinema the crowds were enormous.

The house lights went out and I settled back in my seat. As the story unfolded on the screen, I felt someone staring at me. Turning my head in the half-light, I saw a man a few seats away screwing a monocle into his eye and beaming at me. It was an engaging grin that lighted up his rather ugly features. I smiled back and promptly forgot all about him.

The film ended with generous applause, but I was convinced that I would not become a star on the strength of that performance.

"Come along," said Monty. "Let's go to the party upstairs." I followed, subdued and depressed. As we battled our way to the bar we were intercepted by Douglas Fairbanks, who smilingly said to me: "Here is someone who would like to meet you very much—Mr. Richard Tauber."

I turned, and there was my little man with the monocle. I noticed that he was very fat and limped slightly.

He bowed, took my hand and kissed it. "Beautiful *Frau*—beautiful film."

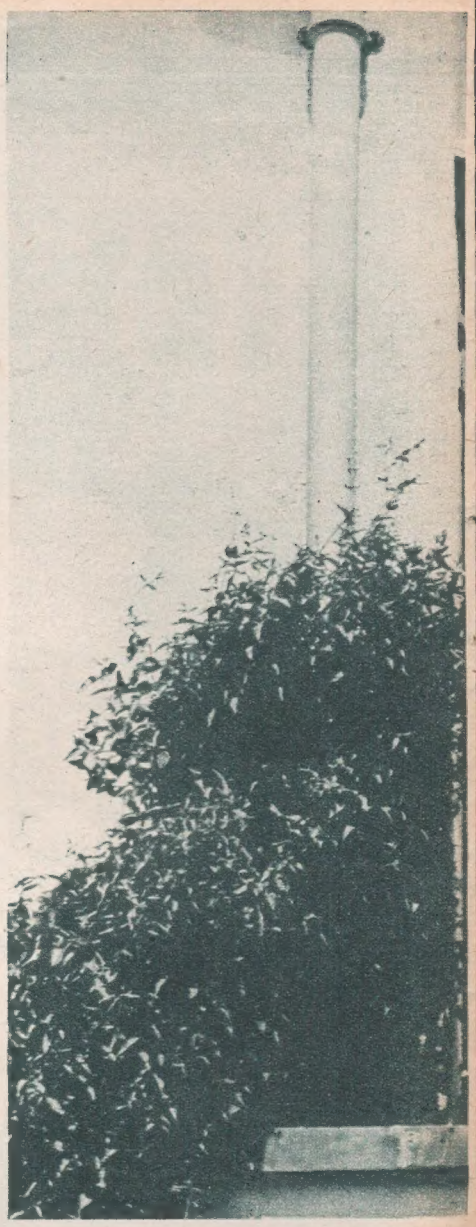
From that moment he never left my side and I had no chance to talk to anyone else. Very annoyed at having been saddled with Tauber all the evening, I went in search of Monty to drive me back to Grosvenor Street.

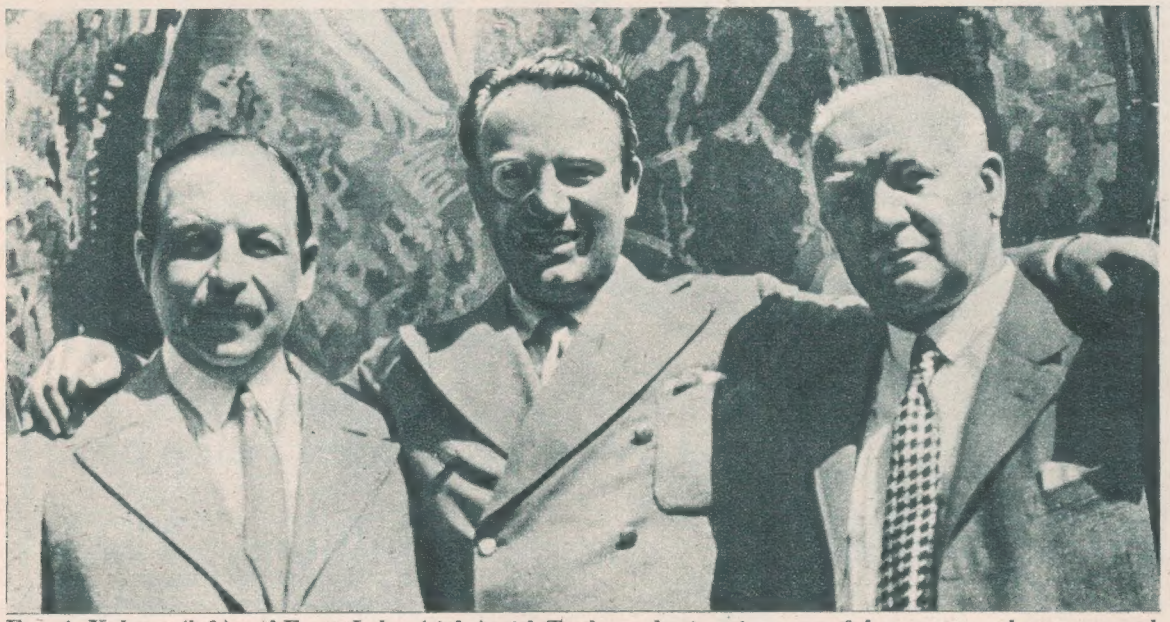
That night I curled up in Suzy's small spare room, but couldn't sleep. My debts were piling up. I owed a month's rent on my house at Elstree, and creditors were pressing. My first adolescent love had ended in a runaway marriage to an actor years older than myself—a marriage dissolved almost before it had started.

My waywardness, irresponsibility

Richard Tauber's father was Hungarian, and worked as an actor with a touring company

Richard Tauber with his mother. She was an Austrian, a well-known stage figure at the turn of the century





Emeric Kalman (left) and Franz Lehar (right) with Tauber, who sang in many of the operettas they composed

My heart and I

continued from previous page

and unreliability had not improved my reputation. In my overwrought state, I could almost hear producers saying: "You can't rely on Diana Napier."

The future looked dismal. I knew no other way but acting to earn my living.

I stared sleeplessly up at the ceiling. Suppose *Mimi* was a failure!

Suzy's maid appeared at eleven o'clock with steaming hot coffee and the morning papers.

"Read the critics!" said Suzy, entering the room.

All I could see in large print was the most important fact that the famous Herr Richard Tauber from Vienna had attended the première of *Mimi*, and joined in applause for the film, made by his friend, Paul Stein.

"H'mm," I snorted. "*He* gets the publicity. Look what it says—oh, dear, how damning! 'The part of Sidonie was played by Miss Diana Napier, who looked very beautiful.' Nothing about my acting!"

I dressed hurriedly. I had to hire a car, pack and be ready to go to Leeds for a personal appearance. A hired car—no wonder I never had any money.

I was away for three days, and as Thea, my cook-general, opened the front door of my little house at Elstree on my return, the telephone was ringing insistently. Dare I answer it? Was it a creditor? I took the receiver and tried to disguise my voice.

A strong musical voice was saying: "Diana Napier, Diana Napier? Here, Tauber. I see you. You play in my new film, I come."

"Wait . . ." I started to say, but he had rung off. I looked blankly at the telephone and then began to laugh.

I did not give Tauber, the man I had met at the première, a second thought beyond the fact that there was a chance of another film, to make some money and keep my creditors quiet. I crossed my fingers.

Richard Tauber arrived—marching into the house without knocking. "Oh, Diana Napier. Good, I find you! Come, we go and see Walter Mycroft about your part in my new picture, *Heart's Desire*."

Walter Mycroft was one of the chiefs of British International Pictures. A huge Daimler was standing outside. Suddenly Tauber said: "Oh, I forget! Flowers. I have flowers for you." And there they were in the back seat, masses of daffodils and mimosa.

At the studio Tauber said: "Wait, I go and talk to Walter."

I wandered off to the canteen for coffee. Some minutes later Tauber bounced in, followed by Paul Stein and Walter Mycroft. They sat at our table.

Paul smiled at me. "Richard has insisted that you are to have a part in this film, so I'm afraid Walter and I have no option. We'll have to write it for you as soon as possible."

"Yes," beamed Tauber, "you will play an opera singer!"

I was aghast. It was the one part that I could *not* play for all the money in the world.

"But I can't sing!" I protested. "I'm tone deaf!"

"No matter, no matter," said Richard hurriedly. "We find the voice. You just open your *schnappula* mouth."

"*Schnappula?*" asked Paul.

He laughed. "When Richard can't find a word he makes them up. He says *schnulpe* or *schnappula*."

"Yes, it is my own language, the Tauber language."

Paul prepared to leave. "Well, that's settled. Now, about salary?"

"Two hundred pounds per week," said Mycroft.

Before I could get my breath back, Tauber took my arm. "Come, Diana," he said. "Er—may I call you Diana?" I nodded weakly. "We go to lunch. You eat in London with me, yes?"

The more I saw of Richard during the filming of *Heart's Desire*, the more I realized that he was a delightful character to work with. Everyone loved him: the electricians, carpenters, cameramen and, above all, the other artists. He was considerate to everyone, but especially to me.

One morning he knocked on my dressing-room door. "Diana," he announced, "there is no work for us tomorrow. Will you have supper with me? We can go to a cinema afterwards. Train holiday you call it, yes?"

"Busman's holiday, you mean," I corrected, adding: "I'll stay with Suzy tonight. I have a fitting for a dress tomorrow, and then I won't have to drag myself all the way back to Elstree."

Alone in my dressing-room, I put the finishing touches to my face and did some serious thinking about Richard Tauber. So many people had told me that he was a lion with women. He had had many love affairs and been married before and divorced. I could see nothing to justify these stories. On the contrary, he seemed very polite.

Richard and I drove quickly to London in the big Daimler.

We drew up outside a small and

A drama lesson for Diana. Tauber jokingly demonstrates to her how to play a scene

Diana (above) as she was at the age of fifteen. Below: a more sophisticated pose a few years later earned her a screen test

insignificant cinema, and then I understood about the busman's holiday. They were showing *Blossom Time*.

"You see me, you hear me, you love me, yes?" joked Richard. "We are late. Hurry."

As the film finished he turned to me. "You happy?"

I nodded. "Tremendously. Such lovely music."

"Music is like laughing, like crying —one must always find time for both," he said seriously. "Without music the world would be empty."

We elbowed our way into the tiny foyer. The manager, all smiles, came up and said: "This is indeed an honour, Herr Tauber. Why did you not let us know you were coming?"

Without warning, Richard turned and took me by the hand. "Please meet my fiancée, Diana Napier."

'It is not a joke'

I stood paralysed with astonishment. Back in the car I was furious.

"How dare you make such a tactless, idiotic joke?" I demanded.

"It is not a joke," he said softly. "Please do not be angry with your *schnappula*."

"I am *not* your *snapola*, or whatever you call it," I returned heatedly, "and I am *very* angry."

I leaned back weakly in my seat, wondering how to explain this away. The more I thought about it the angrier I became. The rumours about his philanderings were, of course, true. How stupid I had been: I had only been given the part because he wanted a new mistress. I was bristling with indignation and hurt pride as we drove back to the West End.

When we stopped at the Hyde Park Hotel and not the Savoy, I thought: Now the big seduction scene is going to start.

In his sitting-room overlooking Hyde Park a sumptuous repast of smoked salmon, cold meats and fruit salad was laid on a table for two.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said.

After supper, still offering no excuse, he walked over to the piano and sat down. He looked at me over his shoulder with the sly look of a naughty boy who has stolen the jam and began to play dreamy music. He was apparently building up a romantic atmosphere, but it had no effect on me at all. I stood up angrily and prepared to leave.

Richard bounced to his feet in the brusque but not ungraceful way which was characteristic of him, and grabbed me by both shoulders.

"*Du bist die Welt für mich*," he said fervently.

I could not understand a word of this, and had no idea at the time that it was the name of a song he had written, "You Are The World To Me."

I moved to release myself, and he said excitedly in his strange mixture of English, German and French: "You understand me, I understand you. I send for my car, I send other women away; finish other women. I buy you mink coat, yes?"

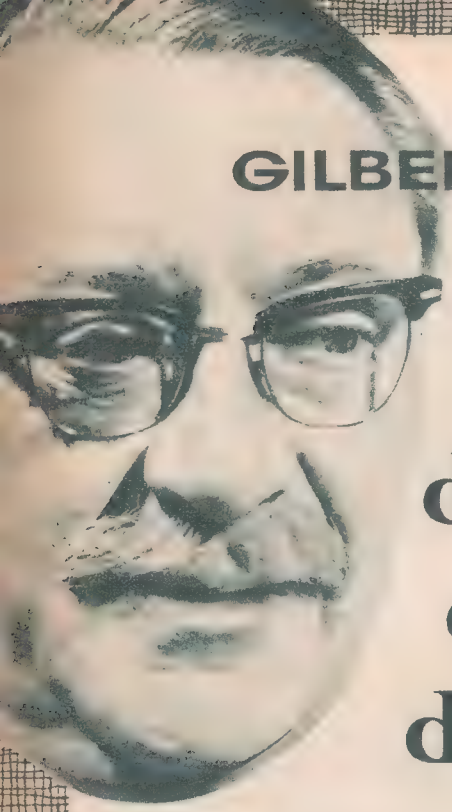
I gazed at him in fury and gave him a resounding smack on the face. Gathering my borrowed furs about me, I stalked out of the room, slamming the door violently behind me.

But even in my fury there was a slight tug at my heartstrings. Was I really so indifferent to him?

I spent the night at Suzy's. Next morning, her young and pretty daughter burst into the room with several daily papers in her hand. "Diana, wake up!" she cried. "Look at the headlines."

I stared in amazement. "Richard Tauber engaged," "Fiancée, Miss Diana Napier," "Film Star's Romance —Richard Tauber To Wed British Actress."

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Quick, the



GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

These delightful chaps are dangerous

THE members of our Foreign Service are charming chaps. They know how to nibble a canape and carry cocktails like gentlemen.

They are simply splendid when it comes to laying on a dinner party or a conference; they can adjust, to within a therm, the degree of warmth it is proper to extend to a Soviet air marshal or a Siamese minister without portfolio.

But what boobs some of them are when it comes to looking after British interests abroad!

Boneheads in bowlers

You may think that the bowler-hatted bonehead portrayed by Terry-Thomas in the Boulting Brothers' witty film, *Carlton-Browne Of The F.O.*, generally released this week, is a wild parody of the type. Do not believe it.

Poor Carlton-Browne is two moves behind, every time. When he arrives in Gaillardia, the little, one-horse (or, rather, four-donkey) island kingdom which the Foreign Office has forgotten for years, he is introduced to the local dignitaries.

In one gesture Terry-Thomas reveals what, to my mind, is wrong with so many men of Carlton-Browne's class. Formal introductions are made; there are handshakes and a certain amount of back-slapping. As he walks away he looks at his hand, flicks imaginary dirt off the sleeve of his immaculate uniform. These chaps are clearly wops, smell of garlic, and are scruffy. But despite his assumption of quite unjustified superiority, they can run rings round him.

It is no joke that our country is represented in the capitals of the world by a most unrepresentative type of Englishman.

Seeing the Boultings' film, you may imagine that the Foreign Service is delightful work, if you can get it. But ordinary people cannot. Who is your dad? That's what counts.

I recently saw an analysis of the origin of successful candidates: 149 young men were accepted and 135 of them were the sons of professional men. Ninety-three of these were of what can be called the "top" professional class.

Are the "lower orders" so lacking in talent? I do not think so.

We spend some £200 million on our foreign services. In 1914, Britain had nine ambassadors; in 1959 we have seventy-one. Our costs for foreign representation have increased, are increasing and ought to be diminished.

What both infuriates me and terrifies me is the sense of values betrayed by the way in which this money is spent. Our foreign services have always been easygoing. In 1880 Lord Salisbury described the attitude of the service as "drifting down the river in a punt and, occasionally, stretching out a leisurely pole to prevent ourselves from going into the bank."

That might have been all very well in the golden afternoon of Queen Victoria's reign. It does not do with atom bombs about.

We can find money for an ambassador for Laos, with which country we do less than £100,000 worth of trade a year. You would think, wouldn't you, that we would have had a scientific attaché in Moscow years ago?

You do not know the Foreign Office. When Mr. Alfred Robens M.P., asked at the end of 1957 why in heaven's name this all-important look-out post was not manned, the reply came, almost with a yawn, that the appointment "has been considered from time to time and it is now being considered again."

Last year, after a decade of foot-dragging delay, the decision was made to send someone. The post would be open to principal scientific officers—the third rung from the bottom in the seven-rung ladder of the scientific civil service. The salary? £28-£40 a week—not even an ambassador's weekly drink bill.

Such cheese-paring economy as that frightens me when I think of all the garden-party junketings going on all over the world at our expense.

I do not know why we continue to pay for all the beplumed popinjays we maintain. It cannot have escaped your notice that the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary are always hopping into planes these days and going places. Though the cost of our foreign services increases, the importance of the work done by "our man" on the spot gets less.

It's a sorry story

It may be a bad thing, or a good, that so much tends now to be settled on "summit" level, but one thing is clear. The top brass politicians seem to think that foreign affairs are today far too serious a matter to leave to their foreign services.

Cuba, recently, was but the last in a long and sorry list of failure by the man on the spot to see straight; that list stretches back through Iraq and Egypt to the blindness of our diplomats in Germany before the war. We have been caught napping again and again, just as poor Carlton-Browne was.

Delightful chaps—but far too dangerous for my liking. THE END

My heart and I

continued from previous page

telephone! I must stop this." I grabbed the telephone and called my press agent.

"Have you seen the papers?" I demanded. "I won't have it. Of course I like him, but I do *not* want to marry him. You must contradict this at once."

"Don't be an idiot," he said coolly. "You want to be a success, don't you? It's good publicity, isn't it? We'll say it's a trial engagement; then you can easily get out of it if you want to."

Suzy tried to change the subject. "We'll see what the future holds!" She switched on the radio, and to my astonishment I heard my own name. The B.B.C. was announcing my future marriage. I began to cry.

"Good Heavens!" snapped Suzy. "What are you crying about? You're a success!"

I sat up and looked at her. "But I want to marry for love, not for publicity."

I dressed and was about to leave to go and see my mother when the door-bell rang. There on the steps stood a buoyant and exuberant Tauber, clutching some music under his arm.

"Good morning, *Schnappula*! Good morning, Madame Suzy!" Not a word about the previous evening; no mention of our final leave-taking or even the announcement of our engagement. He just stood there with a big boyish and half-ashamed grin on his face.

"Come," he said.

Everything settled

On the way to Elstree I pleaded: "Now, Richard, I want to talk seriously to you. This engagement is to be only a trial."

"Oh, *ja, ja*!" he laughed. "But a bad rehearsal makes a good first-night performance!"

I tried again. "Richard, this is fantastic. We must discuss it."

"Later, later. It's settled. You, me, yes, all settled."

During the next few days I thought deeply about Richard Tauber, the man. Marriage was a serious rôle for me, and I did not want to make another mistake.

I realized I would have to live with him, not his voice. I fancied there was a sadness underlying the bubbling good humour and laughing gaiety; perhaps there had been something in his life or his career which had given him what I came to call his "shut-in look" as the years went by.

When Richard was booked to give a concert in Bournemouth, I drove down with him. I had never heard him before on the concert platform.

Richard settled back in his seat and held my hand tightly. "I envy you. You have your mother, your father and your little house in Elstree. These I did not have—no home with brothers and sisters, no harbour to return to. Listen, I tell you. I was born in a small Austrian inn on May 16, 1891, in Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. My mother was well over forty when I was born. Mama was from Vienna and she was a Catholic. That is why I am a Catholic."

I turned in the car to look at him. "But, Richard, everyone thinks you are a Jew."

"I know," he replied. "But I *am* a Catholic, like my mother. My father was a Jew."

"Did the first World War affect your career?" I asked.

"No, I was exempted, so I was able to continue singing all through the war: I sang for the soldiers, even at the front; in 1916, at Lille, my background music was shellfire! But from 1919 onwards I sang, I composed, I conducted. I fell in love and married a singer; it was not a happy marriage, so we divorced."

We returned to London from Bournemouth tired but happy. For me, Richard's talk of the old days was like seeing, for the first time, a foreign country, exotic and exciting even if I could not speak the language.

I wondered about his wife—why had they not been happy? But on this subject Richard was very silent.

A few days later I saw him off for Switzerland, where he was to appear in *The Singing Dream*. I was both disappointed and surprised when he insisted I should join him later, instead of flying with him. He was so adamant that I felt a small doubt; perhaps there was another woman in his life. As I drove slowly back to Elstree I decided to have a good talk with Paul Stein.

All I know about the cast was that his leading lady had sung with him many times before—in Germany and Vienna. Just before he left I had asked him about her. Was she beautiful? He almost snapped my head off for the first time. There must be some mystery about this girl which I had to find out about. Otherwise I would be imagining all sorts of things and building up a mistrust which could spoil our happiness.

Telephone hobby

Villa Capri, my little house, seemed empty without the boisterous, bouncing Richard with his exaggerated movements and the constant sound of the piano which he had installed very soon after our engagement—to keep the canaries company, he said.

Richard telephoned constantly and my mother, who was staying with me, shook her head. "He must be spending a fortune!" But it was no use: neither mother nor I could know at that time about this telephone mania. To Richard a telephone was almost as important as his piano; he seldom wrote letters, except under emotional stress, and over the years he must have spent a small fortune on this expensive hobby.

It was a glorious day when my plane touched down on Swiss soil, and the flight had been perfect.

I had no premonition of trouble, with the blue skies above, the flowers everywhere and the sun caressing my face.

Richard was already waiting for me at the airport, striding up and down impatiently. He was wearing the brightest yellow jacket and green tie I had ever seen. His big Mercedes was the bluest blue imaginable.

"My car," he said proudly. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

I hadn't the heart to say that it was somewhat over-bright.

I went to the theatre with Papa Tauber that evening and sat in a box, seeing for the first time Richard's delightful operetta, *The Singing Dream*, and Mary Losseff, the girl about whom Richard had told me so exasperatingly little. She was more beautiful than I had imagined. She seemed to be taller than she was, carrying herself like some fairy queen with her glorious head of golden curls, deep-blue eyes and lovely smile.

After the show there was a big supper party for the whole cast in a private villa up in the mountains. Mary Losseff, however, was not there.

"Where's Mary?" I asked Richard. "I want to meet her."

"She does not like too many people," he shrugged. "She is at home, probably asleep."

He hurriedly changed the subject. Misgivings swept over me.

Richard and I set off again.

We stayed in the Low Countries until the end of October, Richard giving concert after concert. It was at Ostend that I received a terrible shock. I was sitting in my hotel bedroom, idly reading the morning papers from England, when I saw a single headline that sent me leaping to my feet. I read again the cold, impersonal and cruel print, grabbed my dressing-gown and burst into his apartment.

Richard was placidly eating his

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Raymond Oppenheimer (right) and captain Gerald Micklem have spent years building a team to beat the Americans

Sixteen matches . . . one victory. Now our tough new team is all set for a win

Will they walk home with the Walk-over Cup?

by JOHN BALLANTINE

ONE afternoon last May, Raymond Oppenheimer, a wealthy diamond merchant who has dedicated himself, since his semi-retirement four years ago, to the task of beating the Americans in the Walker Cup golf match, received some information which threw him into a state of considerable excitement.

Oppenheimer was telephoned at his palatial home at White Waltham, Berkshire, by John Campbell, a Glasgow insurance broker, who spoke enthusiastically of the greatly improved form of a young Scottish golfer, Stuart Murray.

On hearing that his only chance to get a quick idea of how Murray played in a big competitive match would be at Turnberry in Scotland the next day, Oppenheimer got straight into his car and drove the four hundred miles to Ayrshire through the night.

He arrived at dawn, got a few hours' sleep and, after watching Murray play a round, drove back to Berkshire.

"Murray did not play particularly well but Campbell had made a remarkable improvement and, later, I nominated him as a possible for the British team," says Oppenheimer.

Spent a fortune

In the last four years Oppenheimer, a grey-haired tweedy golf fanatic of fifty-three, who captained the 1951 Walker cup team, has travelled more than fifty thousand miles and has spent a small fortune looking for ten amateur golfers to beat America.

As a result, the British team which meets the top ten players of the United States next Friday and Saturday (May 15-16) on the oldest golf course in the world at Muirfield, near Edinburgh, go into the match for the first time in a generation really believing that it can win.

As the chief selector, Oppenheimer, who is also the world's leading authority on bull terriers, has bred a British team which should avenge a series of overwhelming defeats since the Walker Cup matches began in 1922.

The event, which is held on alternate sides of the Atlantic every two years, consists of four foursomes and eight singles matches. Except for a solitary British victory in 1938, America has won all the sixteen meetings between the two countries and has scored 131 individual victories to Britain's forty-seven with fourteen games halved.

A "revolt" began after Britain's greatest humiliation in the last home match at St. Andrew's in 1955. The Americans, who were freely tipped to lose, won by ten matches to two.

That drubbing started a public outcry that the event should be called off. One critic called it "the walk-over cup."

Among the rulers of the game at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrew's—whom the Americans mockingly call "the ancients"—it became known as "the debacle."

"There was a mood of utter despondency. Many members of the championship committee wanted to abandon the cup," says Bobby Selway, the committee's chairman. "They argued that modern international golf was too demanding on players, too much like a sporting war, and that Britain's part-time amateurs could never win against the tournament-toughened Americans."

Selway argued with his twelve-man committee for a fortnight. Finally it was decided to treat the Walker Cup match more like a business, to appoint Bill Cox, a former Ryder Cup professional, as official coach, and to give prospective team members much harder training. Oppenheimer became chief selector.

His job has been made easier by the zeal of Gerald Micklem, another wealthy golf-mad bachelor of forty-eight, who captains the British team and who will succeed Oppenheimer as chief selector for the next four years. Like Oppenheimer, he has been obsessed for twenty years with a single notion—to beat America at golf.

"Oppenheimer and Micklem are a formidable pair. The first has a genius for ideas and the second is a tremendous organizer and leader of men," says Selway.

Last month, when most of the Walker Cup golfers were competing in the Berkshire Trophy, Micklem put eight of them up in his seven-bedroomed house on Titlarks Hill, Sunningdale, and arranged for four others to stay with friends.

"Having breakfast served in bed and dining in regal style after the day's play was just the sort of treatment guaranteed to build up morale and confidence," says one player.

Fourteen leading players were nominated last year as "possibles" for the

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Joe Carr used to be brilliant but inconsistent. Now Oppenheimer has given him a permanent will to win

Once, the Count of Paris was in exile. Now his ambitions ride high. Geoffrey Bocca continues his fascinating series with the story of . . .

The man who plans to be King of France

Fortune smiles on the Count of Paris. Not since 1870 has France been more ready to accept a king

SAID the Count of Paris complacently to a journalist in 1957: "My colleagues think I am mad—and by my colleagues I mean the other kings without crowns. They think I am mad because I am convinced that an economy which has favoured the hatred between classes, which has tolerated work in conditions which make the workers not workers but slaves, and favoured the complete power of money, is a miserable system surely condemned to perish.

"The high clergy think I am mad because I am convinced that it is the break between Christian and Socialist thought which has opened the gates of Marxism.

"I am a Capet—and the Capetians have always been on the people's side against feudalism."

Two words explain this buoyancy of the Count of Paris, Pretender to the throne of a nation whose very name symbolizes republicanism. Change and time. The inevitability of change is the consolation of pretenders. But for the Count of Paris alone among the royal aspirants time is on his side. Not since 1870 has France been so close to monarchy.

In one of his judgments the Count of Paris is wrong. His colleagues do not think he is mad. They do not love him, it is true. He is not the most popular of pretenders. Some think he is a busybody, and others a renegade, but nobody considers him mad.

Rather do they try to imitate his lucidity. No living pretender sees his own position more clearly, nor has any prince expressed the dilemma of monarchy better. He has, after all, devoted a lifetime to its study, as the heir to a dynasty that has known no power for more than a hundred years.

The Count's career has been a delicate weighing of political balance, not merely of the political support he could command, but the value of that support, and the outside support worth cultivating, of the conflicting republican and right-wing ideals which traditionally move France, of which lessons history has taught him to accept, and which to shun.

The basic principle of his life has been to ignore the Right, which will always vote for him anyway, and woo the Left, which, as a point of principle, would rather go to the barricades than support a king. The Count never succeeded in converting the French Socialists to the monarchy, but he earned their respect.

The Socialist Government of Guy Mollet which served in 1956 and 1957 actually sent the Count as its official delegate on a mission abroad. Among his left-wing supporters he has been called *le Dauphin de la République*.

The Count's leaning towards Socialism rests on deeper foundations than opportunism. The history of his family has not only guided him towards the Left, but has, in effect, dictated it.

The Fourth House of Orleans had for its first head Philippe (1640-1701), brother of Louis XIV. The line went on to produce its share of clever men and nincompoops, but two men in particular have influenced the thinking of the Count of Paris.

To the guillotine

The first was Louis Philippe Joseph (1747-1794), who took an active part in the Revolution. He joined the moderate Jacobins, deroyalized himself and renamed himself Philippe Egalité. He became one of the deputies to the Convention and even voted for the execution of his cousin, Louis XVI. It did him little good. Shortly afterwards he was guillotined, too.

Louis Philippe I, the son of Philippe Egalité, was King of the French for eighteen years. He was no fool. The doors of the Palais Royal were thrown open for any citizen to enter and shake his hand. The royal crests were removed from the carriages. The king was given, and encouraged, the title of the "King of the Bourgeois."

Once he felt he had consolidated his position, however, he changed, became more royal, and was kicked out. The man who came to the throne by revolution in 1830 was removed by revolution in 1848, and died two years later in England, where he was living under the modest name of "Mr. Smith."

The present Count of Paris was born on July 5, 1908, at the Château Nouvion-en-Thierarche (Aisne). His parents, in the Bourbon traditions, were first cousins, his mother being

They could be France's future royal family. . . . The Count of Paris, with his wife and children, in their most recent picture taken together. Left to right: (seated) Jacques, Anne, Dianne, Claude, Hélène, Chantal, The Countess, Thibault, The Count, (standing) Isabelle, Michel, Henri and Françoise

Isabelle of France, sister of the Duke of Orleans, grandson of Louis-Philippe.

In the first World War, Henri's father, the Duke of Guise, left Morocco, where he was living with his family and enlisted in the French Army under the name of Orliac, the duchess remaining with her four children, Henri and three daughters older than he, Isabelle, Françoise and Anne. Henri grew up a sensitive, intelligent boy with the serious, small-faced good looks of the French aristocrat. He rode his father's estates and played games with the sons of the Arab pashas and Caids.

One of his tutors was the respected historian, Ernest Lavisse, who was an academician and director of the Ecole Normale, a school where the teachers were strongly influenced by the teachings of Jaures, the French Socialist. Henri, with his preceptor, the Abbé Thomas, visited the poor quarters of Paris which tourists do not see and was shocked at the misery of the French people.

Thus to whatever tasks he bent he found influences guiding him in the same direction—Left. Henri was not, at this point, in direct line for a claim to the French throne. The claim descended to his uncle, the Duke of Orleans. In 1926, however, the duke died. Henri's father became the Pretender and Henri the heir. In coming into his inheritance he also lost his birthright. Automatically, by a law of June 23, 1886, the family was barred from France.

Exile is one of the most cruel of all punishments to suffer. As far as Henri knew the odds were overwhelmingly in favour of his being banished for the rest of his life, from Paris, the green garden of France, and the French environment that seems in many ways more precious and alive to a Frenchman than a native land means to the citizen of any other country. The family obeyed the law, moved and took up residence in Brussels, in the Manoir d'Anjou.

Henri also began his rigorous and macabre training, the careful grooming required of a Dauphin who aspires to a throne that does not exist.

This was a depressing career to undertake, especially for someone of Henri's nature. By instinct a man of action, whose response to any challenge was to charge, he prepared to devote the rest of his life to an inactive cause, and one apparently bound to end in sterility and disappointment. Nevertheless he took up the task with enthusiasm. He joined the *Faculté des Sciences* at Louvain, learning civil rights and absorbing more and more of the philosophies of the liberal and socialist writers. On July 25, 1929, for his twenty-first birthday his father gave him the title of Count of Paris.

Life, even in exile, however, was good. The Orleans family was rich, richer than many of the families with thrones, the family wealth issuing mainly from real estate in France and in North Africa.

In the middle of his studies, while only twenty-two, he fell in love. The "most beautiful woman in Europe," like "the richest man in the world," is an easy title to throw around, and an impossible one to establish. It has been claimed many times for Isabelle of Orleans-Braganza, and in truth, she was a girl—and is today a woman—of the most astonishing beauty.

When Henri met her she was nineteen years old, but even then she was capable of enchanting a sculptor, testing an academician with her conversation, on, as a matter of interest, milking a cow.

Her personality may have stemmed from an unusual royal background, her blood being Brazilian-Portuguese, French and Bohemian.

An exciting match

Had Henri been a prince in line for a real throne instead of a dormant one, the match would have been an exciting one in the affairs of the world. As it was it is remembered as the most important royal wedding of the decade. Isabelle was the daughter of Dom Pedro of Alcantara and the Duchess Dobrzensky von Dobrzenicz, and a descendant of Dom Pedro II, the last Emperor of Brazil. She and Henri met in Brussels and when she was about to leave he begged her to return.

In the summer of 1930 they met in Morocco. In the autumn they met in Sicily. In the winter they met in the mountains of Bohemia, where Isabelle's parents had estates. In December their engagement was announced.

The engagement reception was impressive and slightly crazy. For one thing it lasted forty-eight hours and, as it was held in Paris, the exiled fiancé could not be present. For hour after hour in the Hotel Lambert, the Paris residence of the Orleans-Braganzas, the monarchists filed past to pay their homage to the future Dauphine.

One peasant old enough to remember the Emperor Louis-Napoleon who had lost his throne sixty years earlier walked forty miles to see her.

The engagement was announced in December, 1930. The wedding took place in April next year, in Palermo, Sicily.

For political reasons no invitations had been issued, except to relatives, but the world's monarchists were not to be left out. Eight hundred turned up from France in a chartered steamer. Scores of princes attended. Britain, the United States and Belgium were represented by ambassadors.

Isabelle wore a gown of white silk with a train twelve yards long and a mantilla and cape of old lace.

From the beginning, Henri and Isabelle were determined that exiled or no, they would make their own impact on French thinking. They bought a castle in the Ardenne on the Belgian border, without gas or electricity but from whose battlements they could "see France."

In December, 1934, Henri began a monthly bulletin for his supporters which he has maintained ever since. In this he sums up his views on world affairs and the monarchy.

The clarity of his style, and the sense of his observations made an immediate

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Sorry to spring this on you, darling, but I'm bringing the boss home to dinner. See what you can rustle up – we're starving! Be with you in half an hour.
You men!
She put success on the menu in next to no time!
IN THE KITCHEN

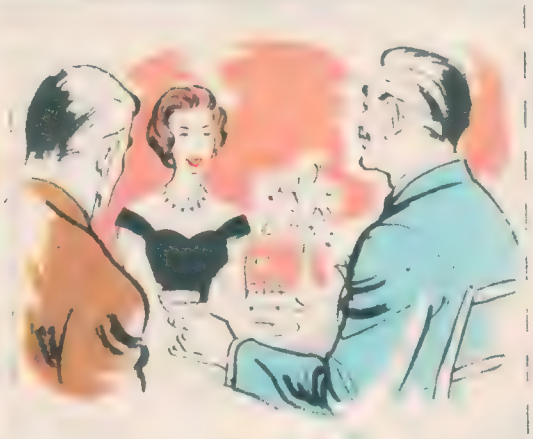
'I hope your wife won't be too put out by this, Harvey!'
'Don't you worry, sir — she's a wonderful cook — and so for that matter is our new gas cooker—it makes a big difference!'

'Put the potatoes on . . . start the onions frying . . . leave the soup to simmer—thank goodness, gas is so easy to regulate. The peach crumble can brown in the oven while we eat . . .'

'. . . and I can watch the steak in the new high-level grill: I can cook the tomatoes and mushrooms round the steak. *And* I'll have time to smarten up!'

30 MINUTES LATER

'Hello darling . . . meet Mr. Johnson . . . my wife.'
'So sorry to burst in on you like this, Mrs. Harvey.'
'No trouble at all, Mr. Johnson—I expect you're hungry?'



'A *superb* meal, Mrs. Harvey! How on earth did you manage it in the time? What's your secret?'
'My new gas cooker—perfect for speedy cooking!'

Well, I'm glad to know that Bill's wife is as talented as her husband! Any good at South American cooking, Mrs. Harvey?-I'm asking Bill to take over our branch in Rio!
I hope they've got gas there!

If you want perfect, instantly controlled cooking done really quickly remember—only
GAS can do it
See the new wonder cookers at your Gas Showroom

EARTHSHAKER

by ROBERT KREPPS

Decker defies the grave

It was a death trap sprung by a fumbling, fear crazed man. Yet Decker had walked right into it

LED by their king, Lobengula, the Matabele nation trekked north, leaving their country to the victorious British. Thousands of their warriors were dead. And among them, it was said, lay Gabriel Decker, the American who had fought for Lobengula. . . .

The Boer, Ernst Prinsloo, rode in the retreat—and never far from the royal wagon containing the imperial treasure of gold, ivory and diamonds. With the king's secretary, John Jacobs, he was hoping to steal it.

At one time, Ernst had been afraid Gabe Decker would steal it first. The American had come to the king's kraal with that intention—and he had almost stolen Prinsloo's English wife, Maria, too.

Although she rode with the column she would have nothing to do with Ernst these days. But now the *verdoem* American was dead, Ernst was confident he would win her back. *Ja*, and he would have the diamonds, too. . . . He would be happy if only he could free himself of this accursed fever.

Jacobs observed the Boer's sickness and smiled. Smallpox was raging through the dwindling ranks of the Matabele. And Prinsloo had not been vaccinated. . . .

EACH evening Maria rode back along the trail to watch for Decker. She could not believe that he was dead; one evening he would come.

And one evening he did. He came swiftly towards her across the veld. Maria made a small noise of gladness as he came near the koppie upon which she sat.

Instantly he looked around him, his hand reaching for his revolver. "Up here," she said, laughing.

Maria was elated that she had been alone to greet him. She knew she was happy; yet what her full response to his arrival was, she could not tell. Suddenly she did not know what to say to him.

Decker climbed swiftly, with his eyes upon her. She held out her hand to him. He walked past it and took her in his arms and kissed her long and vehemently on the mouth. Then he shook her hand gravely.

"My name's Decker, ma'am, and anybody that claims I'm dead is a flat-footed liar," he said. . . .

PART SIX

THEY walked down the koppie together, her hand in his, the little mongrel trotting ahead. "What happened, Gabe?" she asked. "They said you'd been shot."

"I was. Nothing much," he said, tapping his chest under the collarbone. "Wouldn't hardly have knocked me down if I hadn't been silly with fever. I guess you heard," he went on, frowning. "I put on a big performance at that second battle."

"You raged like a lion," she said.

"That's true, but whether I was crazy, I ain't sure. I remember all of it," he said soberly, "and I been arguin' on and off whether I'da done the same thing if I'd been normal."

"Don't fret about it . . . you didn't kill anyone?"

"Never got close enough to. How've you been?"

"Safe as in bed. Oh, Gabe, I can't think where to start asking things."

"Not much to tell. I got well in Bulawayo, with Englishmen shovin' pap into me, and then I aimed your way and just walked. They almost lynched me, but it was for the best."

She stopped dead. "Tell me."

"Well, they picked me out of the dust when the brawl was done, though they had to knock my boy here on the head before they could touch me; and carted me with 'em as far as the king's kraal. When I woke up, there was a lot of hollering and they were gonna decorate the old fig tree with me."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, horrified.

"It was that feller Peters saved me. He came along leading a mule while they were shovin' me up the hill. When he saw me he ran over and roared at 'em." Decker cocked an eyebrow and stuck out his lower lip in imitation of the young Englishman. "Hold hard! What sort of blasted frightful sillyass goings-on are these?"

"He didn't!"

GABE went on: "Somebody told him that I was a turncoat—there I was without a coat to turn, nothing but the captain's kilt—'Turncoat!' says Peters. 'Why, the man saved my life at the Shangani at the risk of his own!' "

"Did you?"

"Oh, I found him outside the laager and shoved him in. It wasn't much. But that kid had the mob eating off his hand. Told 'em I was caught in Bulawayo by the war, and stuck there to protect you and spy on the Matabele, and do good in general. So they gave me three cheers and took me to Jameson, and when I said I wanted to come after you, he got Jameson to write me a safe-conduct; but then he called a doctor and the damn sawbones put me in bed for a month."

"Likely a good thing," said Maria thankfully.

"I been sicker and done a day's work. . . . The only thing Peters couldn't find me was a horse. By the time I started, I was so all-fired rested I didn't need one." He pulled out his pipe and was about to light it when Pata touched him; he turned, the boy nodded to the side, and he saw Ernst Prinsloo watching him at a little distance.

"So you have come back," said the Boer heavily. He looked ghastly. His great body was swaying as though he were drunk; his face was puffy and doughlike, and blotched by a multitude of yellow pustules.

MARIA took hold of Deckers' arm. "Oh, my God," she said faintly. "I didn't know. I haven't seen him for a week, not closely."

"Man," said Decker angrily, "what are you doing in among these people? Do you want to spread that corruption?"

"What do I care? I got it from the black swine," Ernst said.

Decker looked at Maria. He said: "I seen a friend of mine through the

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

As Decker turned and began to skin the giraffe, the trembling half-breed brought his carbine crashing down

Earthshaker

continued from previous page

smallpox once, it took five weeks. We'll have to build a couple of huts."

Ernst snorted. "Only God could separate me from this trek, and you are not God."

Maria said: "He's right, Ernst, you'll have to stop here and rest. We'll stay with you."

Prinsloo shook his head. "I'm only weak because I cannot eat, the sores are in my mouth. I shall go on. I can ride well enough, and I will eat mealie porridge."

"There aren't any mealies."

"Yes there are," said Decker. "My boy's got a sackful on his back. I thought they might come in handy."

"You would give them to me?" asked Ernst.

"Do you think I'd let you starve?" said Decker irritably.

"*Baie dankie,*" said Ernst warmly, "if it were not for the king's diamonds and my wife, you and I could be damned good friends."

Decker took the gunny sack from Pata and handed it to the Boer. "Better ride 'way out. Now get."

"Ernst," said Maria, "if you need help, call me. I've been inoculated."

"So've I," said Decker. "One more word, Prinsloo: keep your eyes clean. Those mangy sores can blind you."

Prinsloo nodded. He shifted his rifle off his shoulder into his hand; the mere feel of the sack of food seemed to have given him energy. He strode away.

"I figured to kill him when I caught up," said Decker, "but somebody stepped in ahead of me."

Then his friends began to come up to them, Manyao and Mjana and the others, not quite believing that he was here, substantial, when they had known he was dead. "*Umkovu,*" said Manyao, squeezing his arm shyly, "it is a phantom walking among us."

"Have you slain all the English, you lion-eyed ghost?" asked Mjana, looking as though he were quite ready to accept it.

And finally Lobengula limped forward, the warriors kneeling and murmuring: "He comes, he comes!" The king said: "I see you, Captain."

"I see you, Black Mamba," Decker saluted him.

The tall man had lost a deal of flesh, his eyes were inflamed and he was obviously having a wicked attack of gout. But he was straight in the back as ever. "You live," he said.

"I live, King."

"Come and speak with me. Bring meat for Dakwa, who lives," he said to his men. He made a brief gesture with one hand. "I am glad you live."

As Decker walked off behind him, he heard Prinsloo's voice in the twilight: "Maria! Maria!" like the howl of a tormented wolf.

Next day the wagons forded the Kana, double-spanned, thirty-two oxen to each, and with the passing of the Kana, the group's bad luck became even worse.

The crawling files came into lowlands where the rain was almost constant, the wagons bogged a hundred times a day, and the game which had been thick in the south abruptly vanished.

One morning Maria flicked a tsetse fly off Bomvu's neck. "We're in a tsetse belt," she said.

"What does that mean?"

"Nagana disease. The end of the bullocks and possibly the horses."

"Then we have to go back," said Decker instantly. "All of us, for your sake and the king's."

Lobengula put his head over the side of the rig; he had been resting on his furs, and caught the English word "king" which he understood. "What do you say?"

"There are flies here which will kill the oxen, so we must turn back."

"Do you think," asked the king acutely, "that I cannot walk if I must?" He lay down again.

That afternoon the rain ceased for a while. The low grey clouds were sloughed away from a hot coppery sky.

"Maria! Maria!" There was the mournful wail again.

The girl had ridden ahead and was out of earshot. Decker walked over to Prinsloo. "Anything I can do?"

"If you have meat, I think I could try some. The sores in my mouth are better." Ernst slitted his eyes. "The light is failing, is it evening?"

There were six or seven hours of day left. Decker said: "There's a mist. I'll see if I can find you food."

"*Meneer,* I must go on. You understand."

"I understand you're a thick-headed Dutchman! You're killing yourself."

"My God, friend, I know it." The Boer rubbed at his face. "I even know there is no mist."

"What good does a diamond do for a corpse?" Decker asked. He stamped away into a grove of trees and shotgunned two doves, in an awful temper with the stupid, dying Boer.

A day came when twelve bullocks could not rise to be yoked. Lobengula, standing behind the wagon box, counted those on their feet. There were sixteen. Now the hour he had expected was here.

"Inspan them to the other wagon," he ordered. It was done. "Now take my two iron boxes and put them with the ivory." The men were so weakened that it took four to carry a safe.

With the assistance of his bodyguard Lobengula descended and walked to the other wagon. Settling himself on the seat beside the driver, he said: "*Impumalanga.*" The whip cracked, and the oxen bent to their toil.

"Mjana, Manyao, take ten strong men and follow me," he said. "Each will carry four assegais. And Dakwa must come, and Jacobs." They fell in behind him. "You others, stay pleasantly, and eat," he called. "No one must track us, or he will die."

For several hours they travelled across the flat bushveld, covering about three miles, then in the distance they saw a river, running high with the flood of much rain. Between the river and the wagon stretched a broad, deep *sluit*: a dry ditch with steep sides. "Lord," said the driver, "the oxen cannot cross the *umfuli*, we must turn and find its end."

The king had not expected to find so perfect a place, he had only been hoping for a koppie or a tilted shelf of rock under which a hole could be dug. He left the wagon and strode to the lip of the *sluit*. It was about eight feet deep, the sides at this point all but vertical. "Let the warriors go down."

They did so.

"Now, dig a great hole in the bank, so that all my elephants' teeth may go into it. Mjana and Manyao, crawl down and see that they work well. Jacobs, take your gun to the top of that hillock, and keep watch."

Lobengula smiled down at his white captain. He was sweeping aside the

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Seven Ages At The Barbers

1. *Of course, madam, you may take his curls if you wish.*
2. *Your mother ought to send you more often, sonny.*
3. *You certainly have let it grow long, sir.*
4. *I can recommend this lotion for thinning hair.*
5. *Never mind, they say balding men are the brainy ones.*
6. *Just a shave, sir?*
7. *You can't tell the difference from real hair.*

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Nonchalant Parent

Nights when my children
stay out late
Do you think
I sit up and wait?
Not I. I toddle off to bed,
The pillow's soon
beneath me head.
And there I lie—
I cannot win—
Awake, and tense,
till they come in.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Summing Up

The accused, members of the jury, has told us a full story of interesting and even exciting details, the main point of which was that he was really assisting the forces of the law by pretending to commit crimes.

I will read you what he said. "The chief weakness of our splendid police is lack of practice in some branches of their work. I give them practice where they need it. I never meddle with such common crimes as shoplifting or bigamy."

It is true that in cross-examination Superintendent Gapp admitted that there has happily been little coining in this area during the past few years. He did not, however, admit that police training had suffered in consequence.

The defendant is being tried on several charges, and in each case, whether coining or offering bribes to a gamekeeper or uttering threats against the chief constable, he has argued that some specific improvement has followed from his activities. Do you remember the ringing tones in which he invited you to look at Constable Porter and notice his air of alert efficiency? I had to refuse to admit evidence of Constable Porter's incompetence before he took his training in hand.

The prisoner's attempt to argue that catching him at all was proof of the good his activities had done to the Force. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

No, Like This!

"That's not the way to get old paint off."

"*As soon as I saw you coming in I knew it wouldn't be.*"

"You must use the flame systematically, not just push it up and down. What's the chemical composition of the paint you're trying to remove?"

"*That's not a thing any handyman could be expected to know.*"

"I've been a neighbour of yours for ten years—*what* did you call yourself?"

"*All I'm trying to do is to clear some of this old paint out of the way so that I can slosh on a cheerier colour.*"

"Whether you realize it or not, you are trying to start a chemical decomposition by applying the physical stimulus of heat. What temperature are you using?"

"*I leave that to the lamp. Always trust your tools.*"

"Well, I shouldn't trust your scraper. Equilateral triangles——"

"*Yes, I know. . . . There's a right and a wrong shape even for scrapers.*"

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help...."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Simple Simon And The Cost Of Living

Simple Simon met a pie-man
Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."
Said the pie-man to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Obviously this isn't 1959."

HAL CHADWICK

You can beat the taxman at his own game. It's your money he's after—and he usually gets more than his due

How to pay less tax and stay out of jail

by KEITH ELLIS

SOME time ago a woman with a small business went bankrupt. The official receiver could find no reason for her failure except that she had paid surprisingly large sums in income tax. "Didn't you claim your allowances?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the woman. "They kept asking me to fill in forms, but I just screwed them up and threw them in the waste-paper basket."

The inspector of taxes had made a guess at her income—naturally on the high side—and without making her even a personal allowance had sent her a demand note for the tax due. Instead of appealing she had paid—and landed herself in the bankruptcy court.

Last year 18,100,000 taxpayers paid £1,533,000,000 in income tax and surtax. Yet either through ignorance, carelessness or sheer stupidity, millions of them paid more tax than they need. Margaret Hodge, an accountant who specializes in tax cases, puts the proportion as high as sixty per cent.

The allowance most frequently overlooked is that for house maintenance. All owner-occupiers are assessed for Schedule A income tax on a sum equivalent to the estimated prewar rent of their house. For the average modern "semi" this comes to between £40 and £50. The tax man makes an automatic allowance of £10 for maintenance and charges tax on the rest.

But repairs and maintenance include such things as redecoration, fire insurance and renewals of fittings such as lavatory bowls, windows and garden fences. At today's prices these items cost most home-owners far more than £10 a year.

By asking the local tax office for Form 99 (1) they can claim an allowance for the difference between this sum and the £10 already allowed. Yet only one in twenty makes this claim. William Curtis, a former senior principal inspector of taxes who now works for the Income Tax Payers' Society, says: "If every home-owner did so the Revenue would be swamped."

Some tax inspectors were mildly peeved at the extra work when a consumer research organization urged its members to make these claims last year.

But what annoyed them most of all was a further refinement which the organization put forward.

It pointed out that many home-owners do their own decorations and repairs and if so the husband can charge up the cost of materials. Although he gets no allowance for his own labour he can claim for wages paid to his wife.

The only conditions are that the money has been actually paid, that it is a reasonable rate for the job, and that some record has been kept of how many hours the wife worked.

Simple—and cheap

All the man has to do then is to write out on a slip of paper: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of *x* pounds for decorating the lounge," get his wife to sign it and send it to the inspector.

Many taxpayers who maintain a dependent relative are also paying more tax than they need. Following the instructions attached to their annual tax return they probably claim, if eligible, the allowance of up to £60 for "a relative of his or of his wife and incapacitated by old age or infirmity from maintaining himself or herself."

But by a simple and inexpensive legal device the taxpayer can claim relief. All he has to do is to execute a covenant. In this he makes a promise, which is legally binding, to pay the dependant a given sum for a period of not less than six years. The relative can then claim back from the Revenue all the tax paid on the sum by the taxpayer.

Covenants need not be in favour of dependent relatives. Charities and other forms of non-profit-making societies may also benefit from them.

Although parents may not set up a covenant in favour of their own children, grandparents frequently use this method for helping with their grandchildren's school fees. The higher the rate of tax the greater the saving. If a grandfather paying income tax at 7s. 9d. and surtax at 5s. 6d. wished to contribute £100 a year to his grandson's school fees, all he need actually give is £33 15s. The Inland Revenue would pay the rest.

Still more tax can be saved if the taxpayer uses a little foresight in arranging his life. The father of a baby born at the end of the tax year, for instance, will get a child allowance for the whole of that year.

When a couple marry the situation is more complicated. Dazzled by the chance of a whole year's married allowance for the husband, many couples rush to marry at the very end of the tax year. But if the woman is also working it is much more profitable for them to marry around October.

At that time the husband will get the married man's allowance for the whole year and will qualify for a slightly smaller rebate than if they had married later. But the wife does much better.

For the six months she is a single woman she gets a single woman's allowance for the whole year to set against her pay. And for the six months she is a married woman she will get a whole year's married woman's allowance to set against her pay. In one year she has two years' allowances.

While most taxpayers are anxious not to break the law, the present regulations tempt many to indulge in anti-social conduct. The enormous tax saving which a couple can make by neglecting to go through a marriage ceremony is shown by the case of the £5,000-a-year engineer who wanted to marry a £1,500-a-year authoress. Single, they paid £2,704 in income tax and surtax, but they discovered that if they married their tax bill would jump to £3,240, a loss of £536 a year.

Worth £939 a year

Instead of marrying they decided to enter into a civil contract and the engineer made a covenant of £1,500 a year in favour of the authoress. By cutting the engineer's tax and increasing the authoress's by only a small amount, this arrangement resulted in a saving of £200 a year. They had now gained £736 a year.

A year later the authoress had twins. The engineer settled £250 a year on each by means of covenants. But the inspector refused tax relief on the ground that a man could not make a tax-free covenant in favour of his own illegitimate children.

But the engineer stood firm. He declined to admit they *were* his children, and since the inspector had no proof the covenants were agreed. Even allowing for the children's allowances which they would have got if they had married, the engineer and the authoress had saved another £203. Their total saving came to £939.

After twenty-one years they plan to go to the altar and settle the £20,000 they have saved on their children.

In doing so they will have undoubtedly won the regard of, at least, Sir Ian Horobin, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Power. Last December he told a shocked and delighted House of Commons: "Anyone who can get money out of the Inland Revenue without actually going to prison is a friend of mine." THE END

BATTLE AT BERMOND ST. BATHS

by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

I WASN'T an all-in wrestler very long, but it was character-forming while it lasted. I never wanted to be an all-in wrestler and hope never to return to the profession. It was just one of those backwaters of experience which my life is amused to investigate.

I was broke at the time, having just been sacked by the baker because his wife chased me round the dough-bin. He said I was chasing her. The way things were, if I didn't earn myself a quick two quid and toss it to Mrs. Mahoney, she was going to be tossing me out of her second floor back and into the Old Kent Road.

Mordy Greentree, sports-lover, dog-fixer, part-time chiv artist, met me outside the Boar's Head. "Wotcher, Muscles," he said. "How's it going?"

I told him about the misery among the bread.

"Dreadful," he said. "No wonder I found hairpins in my loaf. And you a boy with education, too. But maybe I've been sent from heaven to help you. Maybe I can put you in the way of a quid or two. You know Snowy Grademan?"

"No."

"You will. We're going to see him."

ON the way, he explained that Snowy was a fight promoter who was putting on a wrestling show that night. He'd got the galloping stomach-ache going like wildfire through his stable of muscle-men and was suddenly desperately short of fit performers.

"You stand up straight, boy, puff out your chest and say you've done some wrestling, and you're in."

We went into Snowy's office. He was a cigar-puffing, fat man in a creased blue suit. A blonde secretary belted into a typewriter. Mordy made the spiel for me and Grademan felt me all over like a turkey.

"Well . . ." he said doubtfully. "You might do. You're big enough and you're solid. But you ain't got nothing we can play up. You ain't handsome, you ain't really ugly, you ain't gonna swoon the girls, you ain't gonna scare the boys. You ain't even fat . . . you ain't even coloured, are you?"

"No," I said. "But I'm nimble."

"Are you now? Nimble, is it?" He turned to the typist. "He's nimble, Marie, that's what he is."

Marie looked up and smiled. I was wearing only pants.

"Nimble, eh?" she said. "That's nice."

Snowy looked at me thoughtfully. "You're a problem. That's what you are, son, a problem."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"But there's something about you, something we could play up. I know there is, but I can't put my finger on it. You'll have to be champion of somewhere. Marie, where we got left he can be champion of?"

Marie consulted an atlas. "Everywhere's booked up at the moment," she said. "The only place we've not got a champion of that I can see is Tasmania."

"Tasmania? What colour do they come in Tasmania?"

"I don't know. I never been there."

"They're white people," I said. "Leaving out the aborigines, that is. It's an island just off the south-east corner of Australia."

"Is it indeed?" said Snowy. "I'll be only too pleased to leave out the aborigines. What a word, Mordy . . . *aborigines*. He's educated, this boy of yours. He don't half talk posh."

Mordy leaped to his feet. "That's it, Snowy. That's his angle. He's posh. He ain't no champion of Tasmania. . . . He's—let me see now—he's a member of the aristocracy fallen on hard times and forced into the prize-ring!"

Snowy banged the table. "You got it, Mordy. That's what I was feeling for. That's where he's different. Talk posh, son—talk posh some more."

"What about?"

"About them aborigines, they'll do."

So I stood shivering in my pants and talked about the aborigines of Tasmania while Snowy and Mordy walked about the room brain-storming.

"We'll have him in a mask," said Snowy.

"The Mysterious Man in the Mask. Been to Harrow, and Cambridge and Buckingham Palace. He's forced to wear a mask because he can't show his face in public. It'd break the old duke's heart to know the boy was fighting for a living."

"He can come into the ring wearing a crown like a real gent. . . ."

"That's it. And his second is an old family retainer. We can do old Tosher up in a tailcoat and that. And have a gold-painted bucket with a coat-of-arms on it. . . ."

"Make him royalty, Snowy. The long-lost son of the Empress of Russia."

"No. Keep it English. Makes it more patriotic. He'll be the son of a duke . . . that's it! That's why he has to wear a mask. He's the spitting image of the old duke and they don't want the scandal getting about. . . . The Mysterious Masked Marquis—that's what we'll call him. . . ."

AND so, I was in the wrestling business. They rehearsed me all afternoon with a gentle Negro called the Abyssinian Strangler and, although nobody went mad as we lolloped about the ring that night, I performed to Snowy's satisfaction and he booked me.

I fought at Bermond Street Baths every week after that, usually around the bottom of the bill. After a couple of fights we had the act properly worked up and I used to come into the ring clothed in a green silk dressing-gown with a coat of arms stitched on the back. I wore a top hat and had a monocle screwed into my left eye. Behind me came my elderly second, done up as a butler, carrying a gilded bucket, a silver salver, and a champagne bottle fizzing-full of water and health-salts.

I wore an all-over head-mask that Marie had knitted me. It was of the type favoured by medieval executioners, and was really a flexible bag which slipped over my head and gathered by a draw-string at the neck. There were holes at the front for eyes, nose and mouth.

As befitted a Mysterious Masked Marquis, I was always the good man in my fights, while my opponent was always the bad man. He'd do well with his fouls and illegal ploys at first, but I'd always win in the end.

Snowy found villains for me of all colours and sizes, white, black and yellow; wild, wicked and cylindrical. They all went down before the Marquis. Every fight was a triumph for breeding, culture and the public schools.

Undoubtedly, the best bad man in the business was Alfie Lightly. He used to fight as Frightful Fritz. When he came into the ring, he'd belt his second across the ear, refuse to shake hands with me, and kick me up the back as we turned away to our corners.

For the first two acts Fritz would gouge and bite and butt and ostensibly maltreat me with every foul in the directory. In the last act he'd have me spreadeagled and doubled-up at the same time, his feet in my armpits, his hands unscrewing my left big toe.

Billy Top, the referee, would try to haul him off. Fritz would throw Billy out of the ring. Thud would go Billy and lie a broken heap, squeezing the little bladder of red ink inside his shirt. Then it would be the turn of the Mysterious Masked Marquis. I'd catapult out of the grip, toss Fritz here and there, and then pin him with both shoulders on the floor. The good man had won.

All that remained was for the referee to count Fritz out—but where was the referee? Just that broken heap bleeding his life away at the ringside. The crowd would go raving mad yelling at Billy to get up. Fritz would struggle frantically. Billy would raise his head weakly, drag himself, slowly, painfully, back into the ring. The Marquis would force the cursing Fritz down again. Billy's good arm would go up, count out the time . . . and then he'd collapse, dead to the world! The whole place would go up in pandemonium.

CERTAINLY, I was doing all right, and I might have gone on for a long time but for the arrival of the Welshman, and politics rearing its ugly head. I'd had about a dozen fights when he spoilt it all, just when the people were getting quite fond of my aristocratic manners and my big black mask.

Dai, his name was, and he was an ex-boxer who had been left a bit punchy about the head. He wasn't quick at picking up ideas but, once a thought got through, he clung to it lovingly, dumbly, tenaciously.

We got on well at rehearsals and he used to talk to me over tea and wads. I learned that his main interest at the time was the film, *A Tale Of Two Cities*, which he had lately seen. This experience had enlivened two of his resident memories—one, that his dad had been a Communist; the other, that he'd once got seven days for poaching from his lord of the manor.

"I talk to you, Muscles, see, because you're educated," Dai would say. "Like my dad, he was educated. He was an educated man and he'd have liked that picture. Boy, but my dad would have liked that *Tale Of Two Cities*! All them lords and ladies up there getting their heads chopped off, all getting what's coming to them!

"My dad used to tell me that. 'One day,' he'd say, 'that's going to happen. All them lord almighties and their ladies are going to get just what's coming to them.' Just like it was in that picture. . . .

"And I know one lord and lady I'd like to see up there getting the chopper. That one I tell you about. The one says I was a poacher, when all I was doing was trying. . . ."

And he'd mumble away about his dad and his grievances until they came to take him back to the stable.

THEN, on the night of the fight, while the M.C. was giving me my build-up, I saw Dai arguing furiously with his second.

"Ladies and gentlemen," bawled the loudspeaker. "On my left, the Mysterious Masked Marquis, the noble son of a noble lord: a member of one of the most blue-blooded families in the British peerage; son of a duke, cousin of an earl, nephew to a viscount, he lived his childhood surrounded by all the highest lords and ladies in the land; waited on hand and foot, feeding off gold plate, sleeping between silk sheets, living in the very lap of luxury in one of the finest baronial mansions in the country.

"Tonight, he comes before you in a mask. He lives his life in a mask on account of the Royal Family don't want it known that there is any scandal connected with one of our premier dukes. . . ."

At the end, we were called to the centre of the ring for the referee's chat. Dai was muttering angrily in Welsh and making violent gestures at me.

I thought he was just cribbing some of Fritz's material. But I knew I was mistaken when the fight started. We were supposed to fiddle around

I was doing nicely as the only blue-blood in the grunt-and-grumble brigad

"He's nimble," said Snowy, prodding my chest. "Nimble, eh?" said the blonde secretary. "That's nice. . . ."

until Snowy matched me with a wrestling revolutionary

Do you understand children?

Answer these questions, set by a doctor, to see if you understand children—an understanding that depends on a vivid memory of your own childhood.

1. A philosopher said that if he could have the first seven years of a child's life anyone else could have the rest and the child's character would be unaffected.

(a) Do you agree?
(b) Do you disagree?
(c) Do you admit you don't know?

2. A child under twelve, charged with some minor fault you know he committed, persists in lying that he was not to blame.

(a) Does he lie because of Adam's Original Sin?
(b) Because he feels insecure?
(c) Because he is frightened?
(d) Because he genuinely imagines he is innocent?

3. A married couple, distantly related to you, are killed in a motor accident. Their eight-year-old daughter has to be cared for. Ideally

(a) should she come to your home so as to remain in the family, and you are the best guardian there is?
(b) should she be looked after by the Welfare State?
(c) should she be sent to the home of good foster parents in the locality where she has always lived?

4. The wife of a wealthy U.N. official who is constantly travelling about the world has a baby. Her duty both as a wife and a mother is

(a) to engage a reliable nurse and leave the child at home?
(b) to give up travelling about with her husband for the next five years?
(c) to take the baby with her wherever she goes with her husband?

5. Children love fairy stories because

(a) they strike a chord in their memories inherited from countless generations hearing these ancient tales?
(b) they create a world of magic, fantasy and excitement?
(c) they have happy-ever-after endings?
(d) they are more simple than stories adults enjoy?

6. You give a seven-year-old child, not your own, sixpence. He says he intends to buy some sweets with the money. Do you

(a) say "that will be nice" and dismiss the matter from your mind?
(b) say "I'll come along and choose suitable ones"?
(c) talk about the advantages of saving small sums until something worth while can be bought?
(d) check with his parents on their wishes and then repeat them to the child?

7. Some friends have adopted a six-month-old baby. By chance you discover that the father is in prison for financial fraud. Do you think that

(a) the foster parents must be informed?
(b) the foster parents are best left in ignorance until they discover this bad news for themselves?
(c) the father's conduct has nothing to do with the baby's character?

8. A very small boy who went to the zoo says that he heard a monkey say "Hallo" to him. Do you

(a) laugh at him but say nothing?
(b) tell him he's wicked to tell such a lie?
(c) correct him gently because you feel he really imagined the monkey spoke?
(d) pander to him and say you wish you'd heard the voice, too?

9. Young teenagers in a middle-class home should

(a) help with the household chores on a policy of "fair shares"?
(b) get paid for anything they do around the house?
(c) be let off all housework because youth is really the only time for carefree living?

10. When baby-sitting or visiting some friends the small child of the house demands that you tell a story. Do you

(a) make one up?
(b) repeat a story you recall from your childhood?
(c) feel helpless unless you can get a book to read aloud?

Now turn to page 30

continued from previous page

scientifically for a minute or two, but Dai came out like a rocket, flung me to the canvas and began knotting my legs behind my neck. He was muttering ferociously at me the while, half in Welsh, half in English, and I gathered in between agonies that he believed all the stuff the M.C. had said about me. He thought I really was an aristo, a lord with a lady, a genuine blue-blooded hammer of the poor. I hadn't worn my rig-out at rehearsals and he reckoned this was just part of my noble cunning and inherent trickery. I was one of the lord almighties who'd trodden on the face of his dad and got Dai himself seven days for poaching. And here and now was where I got what was coming to me.

I was in the middle of explaining that the nearest I had ever got to nobility was the public bar of the Marquis of Granby, when he made his master-ploy and revealed that he was neck-full of animal cunning.

He gripped the mask at either side and spun it round back to front.

With the eye-holes and breathing-space at the back of my head, I was suddenly blind, suffocating and helpless. Every time I tried to adjust my dress, Dai tossed me around and muttered his crazy reasons at me.

In memory of his dad and communism, he held me up by the legs and bounced my head on the floor. Because of the lord who got him seven days for poaching, he tied my arms and legs together and bowled me around the ring like a hoop. In honour of the *Tale Of Two Cities*, he tried to guillotine me in a leg-scissors. The Crazy Gang never got such laughter as I did with my desperate blind-man's-buff, trying to find my way out of his reach.

Finally, symbolic, no doubt, of revenge on all the aristos in history who ever downtrod a peasant, Dai picked me up bodily and hurled me into the laps of the ring-siders.

They stopped Dai from coming after me and led me away like a performing bear through the hysterical people. In the mauling, the mask had got all jammed up and I couldn't get the eye-holes straight again.

That finished the Mysterious Masked Marquis and put me back off the gravy train once again. Dai's mask-twisting was an unanswerable ploy and all the boys using the mask gimmick went out of business soon afterwards, too.

Snowy was sorry for me and offered to let me take over from the Siberian Monster, who was going back to canary-breeding. But I didn't fancy being dyed yellow all over and brought to the ring chained up inside a wire cage. So I thanked him kindly and said goodbye. THE END

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Valley of fear

continued from page 6

metres to our right. He whirled, and as he moved I crept to the left; behind an olive tree, behind another, so that, with his own turn to where I'd thrown the twig, I was almost at his back, a dozen paces from him.

One soft step, the soles of my shoes feeling for each leaf on the ground. Two. Three. But he was moving too, probing forward into the shadows where my branch had fallen, moving across in front of Simone and the child.

Four steps. Five. I was closer to him now. But not close enough. I must jump before he could turn and fire.

I saw him tense his shoulders, the gun lift. "I see you," he said, peering into the empty darkness while I crouched behind him. "I see you. Don't think I can't. I wish you had a gun too. It would be fairer, wouldn't it, old comrade? But it's too late to fetch one now."

He lifted the gun to his left shoulder and fired, into the darkness away from me. . . . What did he think he could see? I found myself watching too, staring into the heart of the darkness ahead of him. I could have jumped him in that second, but I was almost hypnotized by his intensity.

Then I saw it too, a dark shape, more living than the shadows of the trees. And two red points of fire, not moving like the fireflies, but steady, watching. Eyes watching. I felt the hair lift on my scalp. I wanted to cross myself.

"I see you, you devil," Grigi crooned. "Old friend. Old comrade. Are you ready for it now?"

The gun was steadying, tightening against his shoulder. Now I should leap for him. But I couldn't move. The eyes vanished, and the shadow heaved, as if something was lifting to its full height and putting down its head, so that its red, wild eyes were hidden.

"Now," screamed Grigi. "Here it comes."

There was the blast of the gun echoing; once, twice. "Die, you swine." And an answering scream of rage and pain came from the darkness in front of him. Then something like a streak of darkness, huge and black, moving almost too fast to see. And a white tusk ducking, ripping like a knife.

The dark shape of the wild boar struck Grigi like a torpedo into a ship's side. I heard the breath go out of him. I heard the rip of flesh. And then, it seemed long afterwards, I heard Grigi scream and scream as he was smashed to the ground.

I ran, and my hands were beating foolishly on dark hide hard as sandstone, high as my waist. A shotgun blast against that monstrous brute? It could have done no more than anger it. And as I beat at it, someone must have watched over me, because I remember those white tusks close against my loins while the monster shook his great head in rage.

But he had had enough of killing. Grunting in a squealing triumph, he turned and trotted into the darkness from which he had come. I bent down for a moment and then put my jacket over Grigi. "Don't look at him," I said to Simone as she came to me with the child, its face hidden against her breast, her own face white as stone. "We can go to the inn now, and Bruno will telephone whoever needs to know."

As we climbed the hillside, I tried not to think of what I had seen. But I shuddered in my heart and felt cold as the path lifted up towards the hills. Beside me Simone was crying, but the little girl only trudged in silence, holding her doll against her breast.

"I have a friend in Paris," I said. "My old lieutenant. He owns a garage and offered me a job. I think there's a flat goes with it if I wanted it. We could share it, you and I. And Marianne."

Simone slid her hot, dry hand into mine for answer, and I bent down and put my free arm round Marianne. "Clasp your arms round my neck and I'll carry you," I said. "From now on you need not be afraid."

"What happened?" she whispered in my ear. "I don't understand."

"There is nothing to understand," I said. "Your father got tired and sick, and went away. I will be your new papa."

"I am glad," she said. And, after a long while of climbing: "Will you give me a new dress for my doll? I think she is cold."

"I will give you both a new dress," I said.

Simone's hand tightened in mine as we came to the road, and left the cicadas behind us, singing in the valley. THE END

© *Brian Cleeve, 1958*

BRUSH UP YOUR CARPETS

Choosing carpets for your home can be a tricky business. Here are some pointers to type and quality to guide you

The latest carpet idea: Cyril Lord's tufted "Carpetiles." You can lay these yourself, with special adhesive tape

CARPETING a new home is probably the biggest single item on the home maker's list, and the one which demands the largest financial outlay. Even the smallest room seems a monstrous area when you reckon it up in terms of pounds per square yard.

Is the expenditure worth it? I think it is. Carpet, wisely chosen, will last you many years. However little nice furniture you have in it, a carpeted room looks well furnished. And the carpet looks good, is easy to keep clean, and feels wonderful underfoot.

The very fact that carpet lasts, or should last, for such a long time, is a problem in itself. We have no opportunity to experiment—our first choice must be the right choice. Don't be in any hurry to buy. There is an immense range of carpets on the market, at every price and quality, and one of them should be exactly right for your purpose. It is only a matter of finding this one, and a few weeks spent looking are an investment, not a waste of time.

First on the list come woollen carpets which are the hardest wearing, most resilient, and fairly expensive. British Axminster and Wilton carpets have stood the test of time over hundreds of years, and proved their worth. The tough backing is woven with the pile of the carpet, locking it in place. In a Wilton carpet an extra "cushion" of wool is woven into the backing; in an Axminster, all the pile is on the surface. An Axminster loom is more adaptable for weaving patterns, and most of the designs in the shops which are made up of several colours are Axminster carpets—plain carpets are generally Wilton.

Next come nylon carpets, which are also hardwearing, and cost about the same. These are good for the bathroom, as they are unaffected by water. They are easy to keep clean, but attract more dirt than woollen carpets.

In recent years, there has been a new development in the carpet field, and there is now an enormous selection of "tufted" carpets on the market. The majority of these are made of man-made fibres such as rayon, and the principle of their making is quite different from the woollen ones. Each tuft is inserted into a ready-made jute backing with a needle, and when the carpet is finished, the back is coated with latex, to lock the tufts into place. This method of making carpets is quicker than the traditional way, and the material used is a little less expensive, so the finished carpet is cheaper for us to buy.

Haircord is a good buy in the cheaper range. This has a close, looped pile and is very hardwearing. It is more difficult to keep clean than cut-pile carpet, but is a good choice for a bedroom.

Sisal cord carpet, which used only to cover kitchen floors, is now made in such lovely mottled colours and designs, that it is attractively at home in any room in the house. This carpet is more or less indestructible, and inexpensive to buy.

When you buy carpet, go to a good store which has a reputation to maintain, and tell the salesman your exact requirements—how much traffic the room has, whether you have children or pets, whether there is a lot of sun

A patterned carpet is not necessarily multi-coloured. This traditional leaf motif is formed in the pile of the carpet by the use of plain and twisted woollen yarn. The carpet is all one colour though it looks like two. "Carvax" wool Axminster, manufactured by Hugh Mackay & Co. Ltd.

A traditional floral design, which can look equally pretty with new or old furniture. Curtains and covers chosen with this design should be kept plain. Glenbarr Axminster, by Wm. C. Gray & Sons Ltd.

A modern design with the one-colour look which gives a background to your other furnishings is flattering and practical. In many colours. "Scarab" Imperial Axminster, made by Tomkinsons

in the room. Don't make the mistake of buying a carpet which is not tough enough for your purpose. Price is a sure guide here: carpet is something for which you get exactly the quality you pay for. Look for close, firm pile and a strong backing. Downstairs rooms should have the best you can afford; it is false economy to buy cheap carpets for rooms which get a lot of wear.

Stairs need the very best quality you can afford. Cheaper kinds will soon show signs of wear, so buy a good woollen stair carpet. Get an extra foot or two at the same time. This can be tucked under at the top or the bottom, and allows you to move the carpet to distribute the wear. This should be done twice in the first six months, and twice a year after that.

Tufted carpets are good for bedrooms. They are made in lovely plain colours, are inexpensive and easy to keep clean. Bedroom carpets get little wear. If you want a patterned floor, choose one of the cheaper range of Axminsters.

Fitted wall-to-wall carpets make small rooms look more spacious than carpet squares. They also eliminate draughts and hide unattractive floors, though these should be levelled scrupulously before laying the carpet. But if your budget is limited, it is better economy to buy a good-quality carpet square than a cheap fitted carpet, as it will give you better wear. You can also turn it round from time to time to distribute the wear evenly.

The right width

Carpets are made in various widths: 18-in. or 22½-in. are for stairs, and usually edged with some kind of border; 27-in. and 36-in. are the next widths, these are used, stitched together, for fitted carpets, and also make a more luxurious covering for stairs; after this, come broadloom carpets, which are simply made on a broader loom, in sizes up to 15 ft. wide. These are useful for very big rooms, or for seamless fitted carpets in rooms of a regular shape. Broadloom carpet is also more practical for squares. However, unless it is possible to buy a narrower width in the same design, wide carpets do not always make economical fitted carpets, as there is often a lot of wastage.

Choice of colour and design is important: the carpet colour is usually the basis of a room scheme. A plain shade will make a small room appear larger, and gives you more scope for using pattern when choosing other furnishings. But plain carpets are more liable to show wear and dirt, which are less obvious on a patterned surface. If you choose a pattern, for such a large area as the floor, you must be very careful with the rest of the furnishings. Too many patterns in a room can easily be overpowering. Choose a colour to suit the room. A north-facing room needs a warm colour, rooms looking south can take a cooler shade.

A good compromise is provided by the new tweedy, flecked designs, which from a distance give the appearance of a plain surface. These are sufficiently broken up not to show the dirt, and so combine the advantages of both kinds. These are a practical choice for a dining-room where there are liable to be spills.

Underfelt is essential

Whatever carpet you choose, don't neglect the underfelt. This should be put under every carpet, and under rugs as well. It doubles the life of the carpet, protects the backing from wear and gives it more resilience. Of the many different kinds, thick felt is the cheapest, and just as satisfactory as the more expensive foam plastic and rubber. Your choice depends on the amount of resilience you like to feel underfoot.

Approximate prices are as follows:

All-wool Axminster carpets cost from about 56s. a square yard.

All-wool Wilton carpets cost from about 67s. a square yard.

Pure nylon tufted carpets cost from about 70s. a square yard.

Pure nylon Wilton weave carpets cost from about 70s. a square yard.

Tufted carpets in other fibres and fibre blends cost from about 27s. a square yard.

Cord carpet costs from about 33s. a square yard.

Sisal carpet costs from about 21s. a square yard.

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with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull and Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

This simple modern design is an ideal choice for a new house. In two shades of olive green. This is a textured pile Wilton carpet, made by I. & C. Steele & Co. Ltd, and the design is called "Bloxham"

This Axminster design is well suited to modern living. Basically one colour, it has enough pattern not to show stains, but not enough to limit decorations. Globe "Skaters' Trails," Carpet Manufacturing Co.

A plain carpet has an air of luxury. This tufted carpet in brilliant Pimento red makes an attractive wall-to-wall floor covering for a modern sitting-room. Red Label quality. Made by Kosset Carpets

A panel chintz Axminster carpet square, with a pinky-mushroom base colour, is ideal for the more traditional room, or a country home. In several sizes, "Roxbury" design, made by W. & R. R. Adam Ltd.

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Pretty as a picture—and how you'll regret it in after years if you haven't a camera to do justice to the subject. In colour, of course.

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Care of carpets

Your carpets will last longer, look better if you take good care of them. Here are some hints for keeping them looking new

For the first few weeks of its life, treat your carpet gently. A light brushing with a hand sweeper or carpet brush is all that is needed for the first month. After the carpet has had time to settle, use a vacuum-cleaner once or twice a week, or more in very dirty areas. It is very important to keep carpets as far as possible free from particles of grit, soot or small stones. These work their way down into the pile of the carpet, and their sharp edges can cut carpet fibres under your tread.

Yearly shampoo. It is a good plan to have carpets cleaned professionally once a year. In clean country areas, it may be possible to have this done less often. Professional cleaning gets right to the bottom of the pile, without shrinking. You can, however, clean up any very dirty patches yourself, by shampooing with the *foam* of a strong lather of detergent, such as Stergene. Use a household sponge or soft scrubbing brush for this purpose, and be very careful not to get the backing of the carpet too wet, as this may cause it to shrink or rot. To avoid the danger of the colours running in a patterned carpet, add a little vinegar to the detergent solution.

Protect it from wear. Some parts of a room get more wear than others. For instance, where the whole family sits to watch television, in front of armchairs, under a desk, in front of the fire. It is a good investment to buy rugs to cover these places, to save the main carpet from unattractive wear in patches.

Moths. Carpets made from man-made fibres, are of course mothproof, and most British woollen carpets are now mothproofed at the factory. But if yours has nothing on it to say that it has been so treated, you should spray it with a mothproofer, once a year in the spring, or after each shampoo. Spray it back and front, paying particular attention to areas under furniture, and treat the underfelt to about a foot in from the edge.

Stains. Accidents can and will happen, and the first rule for coping with spills on carpets is to act immediately. Whatever the substance, blot up any excess immediately it is spilt. Delay allows dust to collect on sticky patches, and makes spots more difficult to remove.

Greasy substances should first be treated with a grease solvent such as Thawpit, and all the grease removed. Then any remaining mark can be removed with a detergent solution, finished off with lukewarm water and finally blotted dry.

Alcoholic liquids should be mopped up thoroughly, then treated with detergent.

Beverages, such as coffee and tea, should first be treated with detergent, followed by a dry-cleaning solvent, when dry.

Burns should be professionally treated. If very slight, you can clip the pile slightly with nail scissors to remove the singed part.

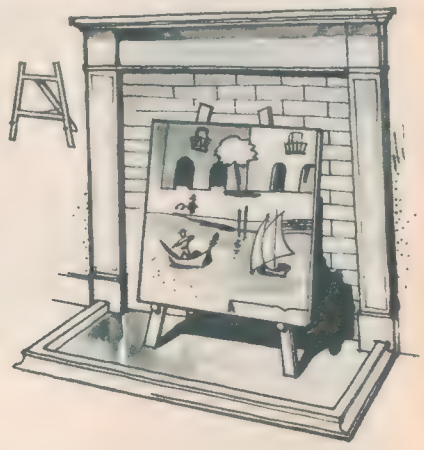
Ink. If you catch the stain immediately, you can often remove it with detergent. Methylated spirit applied on a pad of soft clean cloth will generally remove ballpoint pen ink, and should also be used for copy ink or red ink, preferably with a small addition of acetic acid or white vinegar. When the stain has been removed, finish with detergent.

Saline liquids, including urine, should be mopped up as much as possible, then treated with detergent, with one egg-cupful of white vinegar added to each pint. After treatment, rinse with warm water.

Shoe polish. This should be scraped up, and the mark treated at once with a grease solvent. If the stain remains, treat with methylated spirits or alcohol.

It's an idea

A NEW IDEA FOR UNUSED FIREPLACES



Full marks to Mrs. Freda Hicks, 54 Hurdon Way, Launceston, Cornwall, who sent us the idea for this novel firescreen. Either make an easel large enough to take a canvas 17 in. by 20 in. or buy a child's easel from a toy shop. In the shops one day, Mrs. Hicks saw a Venetian scene on curtain material . . . ideal!' She stuck the material to some stiff canvas and strengthened the edges with wooden battens. This made an unusual and much-admired "painting."

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

"No—you open it"

My heart and I

continued from page 12

breakfast. I threw the paper at him, shouting: "Oh, Richard, look!"

He blanched, screwed his monocle into his eye and read aloud: "Tauber's ex-wife sues him. . . . Tauber divorce difficulties. . . . Remarkable claim of first wife. . . . Richard Tauber's former wife, Frau Carlotta Vanconti, who was divorced from him in 1928, is now opposing the confirmation of his divorce in Austria, where the Berlin divorce is not legal; she is suing the singer for alimony for the month of July.

"At the time of the divorce, Frau Vanconti received from Herr Tauber a very generous settlement, including a villa and jewels stated to be worth £30,000, while he arranged to pay her a sum of £120 monthly until 1940. When she refused, however, to agree to his request for an Austrian divorce in order that he might marry again, Herr Tauber stopped the payment of the monthly allowance. Herr Tauber is now engaged to Miss Diana Napier, the British film star."

"But you said you were free. I don't understand."

Richard stared at the paper in utter bewilderment, his face white. Still wearing his nightshirt, he grabbed the telephone and put through a call to his lawyers in Vienna.

Richard's divorce proceedings dragged on for months and I felt myself to be in a most embarrassing vacuum. At long last the litigation was settled, and I was spared reports of the proceedings, which were held in camera. Perhaps, with his sense of time and "atmosphere," Richard understood the strain I was going through and, at the end of 1935, arranged for us to visit Vienna, the capital of his homeland.

Deliriously happy

Richard had a big repertoire at the Opera House. I heard Richard sing in *The Bartered Bride, Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute, Tiefland, Carmen, Die Fledermaus* and *Madam Butterfly*. The days passed, I was deliriously happy: I loved Austria and Austria loved Richard. The undercurrent of political unrest during that winter of 1935 was ignored because of our personal feelings of happiness.

The Opera Ball, the highlight of the season, was magnificently staged. Nothing marred the joy of that night until we stepped into the street.

Suddenly a boy's voice yelled: "Hi, you plutocrats! Take your Jew singer to Palestine if you want him to live! *Heil Hitler!*"

I was utterly shocked. It was the first time that I had ever heard that dreaded exclamation and it sent a chill right through me. I looked quickly at Richard; only a tightening of his face muscles showed the effect that this insult must have had on him, outside his beloved Opera House in his native land. We continued silently to our hotel. I did not refer to the incident and neither did Richard.

These were truly marvellous days. I did not want them to end, nor did I want to return to London and the hard work at the film studio; making *Land Without Music* and *Pagliacci*, the contracts for which were already in our pockets.

But on one particular evening I nearly wrecked our future plans. We were having supper in the Drei Husaren Restaurant, when suddenly Richard jumped to his feet without warning and disappeared. I was convinced that once again he was about to make one of his mysterious telephone calls and made up my mind to find out all about it. I followed him and, as I had expected, he was in the telephone booth. Unashamedly, I hid myself out of sight and listened in dismay to the conversation.

"*Liebe, Liebe* . . .?" I heard him say. "Are you all right? I see you tomorrow, *Liebe*, yes. . . . We take tea together all alone and we talk. . . . Yes. . . . *Adieu, adieu*. . . ."

I fled as he replaced the receiver and I knew two things at once: he had been talking to Mary Losseff and "*Liebe*" meant "darling" in English. I made up my mind to know all about this relationship before we married.

Overcome with jealousy, I waited for him to come back to our table, and had the greatest difficulty in not making a scene. That night I went to bed utterly miserable and slept very badly; I was unable to understand this situation and helpless to fight a rising tide of anger and suspicion.

Silently, all the next morning, I nursed my misery. Unexpectedly at lunch Richard said: "You ride in the Prater, yes? It is a nice day—it will be good for your figure, I think."

It was true enough that I enjoyed my canters every day on Pedro, a lovely Hungarian hunter, and my

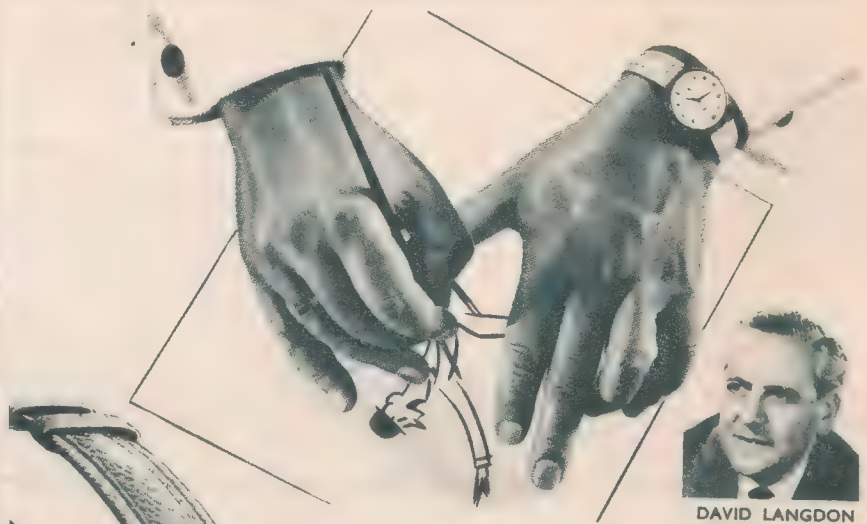
DANGER—1

Danger and delight grow on one stalk.

John Lyly

Which year? *see page 8*

All the events took place in 1952



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My heart and I

continued from previous page

lessons from the British riding instructor in *dressage*; but this day I had no head for exercise. I was quite certain that Richard wanted me out of the way while he paid his promised visit to Mary.

"Won't you drive me to the Prater, Richard?" I suggested. "We can have coffee together."

He seemed very embarrassed. "I think I go and watch the rehearsals in the Opera. I see you later this evening."

From my bedroom window I watched him walk a few yards down the street, but in the opposite direction to the Opera House. Presently Bischof, the chauffeur, drew up in the big blue Mercedes and Richard stepped in. I was furious, so angry that I could hardly contain myself; even Bischof had apparently been let into his secret. I spent the rest of the afternoon at the hairdresser's, working myself up into a thorough state of misery.

I was in the bath when Richard returned to the hotel and began tinkling away on the piano. I dressed and walked straight into the sitting-room. He did not turn his head, but I was quite sure that he sensed my temper.

"Well?" I inquired sarcastically. "Have you enjoyed your rehearsals this afternoon?" He did not reply, and I went on:

"All right, don't answer. I know perfectly well that you never went near the theatre and you might as well know that I'm *not* going to marry you and be another member of your harem!" I then flounced back to my own room and slammed the door.

There was no sound from the next room, and even the piano was silent. When I had wept myself into a state of exhaustion, I lifted my head and listened: still no sound came from next-door. I began to feel ashamed. I repaired my make-up and went to look for Richard, but there was no sign of him. I wandered disconsolately round the apartment, utterly miserable, until I heard a knock on the door. There stood a grinning page-boy, holding a huge bunch of flowers and a letter which read: "Come, your box is waiting; I am waiting; be beautiful. I will explain everything; I love you. Richard."

I summoned Thea and dressed quickly. I ran across the road and took my seat in our box, to hear Richard in *Der Evangelimann*. Hearing him sing, the perfection of the Vienna State Orchestra and the magnificent supporting cast, made it impossible for me to feel bitter or sad. I knew only that I loved him—loved him so much that nothing else mattered.

After the show Richard kissed me, put his arm round my shoulders and we walked the short distance back to the hotel.

"*Schnappie*," he said, "I want to tell you everything about Mary Losseff."

"About time," I said. Regretting my tone, I added more quietly: "I do think I'm entitled to some explanation."

Belongs to past

"She belongs to my past, Diana; you have no need to be jealous or suspicious. You see, I met her after a very black period in my life—a period of illness and the troubles over my first wife, Carlotta. I love you as I have never loved a woman in my life. Whatever happens, you must understand that."

"But I *don't* understand. What are your true feelings for Mary?"

"*Ach*, my love for Mary is the sort of love that a father feels for his son or a mother for her daughter. But in a strange way which I cannot explain, I need Mary."

"Why, Richard—why?"

"I find it hard to explain. First of all, she has a voice, such a wonderful voice—she is very musical. I believe that she needs me, too; my friendship is important to her—I can't let her down. If you said to me, 'Richard, you must never see Mary again,' I would have to lose you. Please, try to understand this affection for Mary is a deep friendship, nothing more."

"But," I protested, "if it is such an innocent relationship, why all the secrecy?"

"Because I know it is difficult to understand," he said sadly. "It is almost impossible for a young and beautiful woman to believe that another beautiful woman is not usurping her place. I have a strange kink in my character. I like my little secrets. Please don't take them away from me or we will never be happy. Besides, it will not affect our life together—it's something quite different."

I made up my mind to forget these stupid jealousies, to stop wondering about his past and enjoy the present. After all, he had told me far more than I had expected (or perhaps deserved).

I wanted to make a success of my marriage and hoped to keep my feet on the ground and not allow my head to be turned by flattery, luxury and success.

© *Diana Napier Tauber 1959*

NEXT WEEK: We get married in London – and go to Hollywood

"My Heart And I," by Diana Napier Tauber, will be published shortly as a book by Evans Brothers, price 18s.

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

FRED BORDERS, a sixty-one year old taxi driver, achieved fame last year by his mental arithmetic, which won him £1,000 in Hughie Green's quiz show, Double Your Money. Married to a French-born wife, Suzanne, and with four married daughters, he lives in Stockwell, London. His inventions include a noughts and crosses machine that never makes a mistake.

If you multiply 9 by 351 you produce 3159, which contains the same digits as the factors. Can you find another single figure multiplied by a three-figured number which produces the same effect? There is only one solution.

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Cycle of Persian verse, translated by Edward Fitzgerald (3, 8, 2, 4, 7).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Love apple.
B. Equipment for a horse.
C. Flag, or a young officer.
D. Leaf stalks used as fruit.
E. A shadow, especially in an eclipse.
F. Blessing.
G. Post mortem examination.
H. Gem or stone on which design is carved.
I. Sycophant who agrees with everything (3-3).
J. County in Ulster and town on L. Neagh.
K. Feathery, evergreen flowering shrub found near the sea.
L. Town on R. Loire, associated with Joan of Arc.
M. One employed to perform many duties.
N. Contour.
O. Strap connecting horse's girth and bit.
P. Non-inflammable substance.
Q. Equilateral parallelogram.
R. Fate.
S. Kingfisher.
T. Handsome youth, beloved by Venus.
U. Norfolk fishing port and resort.
V. Toy on a string (2-2).
W. Soothsayer who foretold future by omens.
X. Feeble-minded person.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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T	41				42				
U			43						
V			44						
W	45								
X		46		47					

NOW TURN TO PAGE 33 FOR THE ANSWERS

The uneasy heads

continued from page 15

impact. He wrote a book called *Essay On The Government Of Tomorrow*, which sold 40,000 copies in France in the first three weeks after publication. His theme was "Monarchy is not a Party." His father, the Duke of Guise, a tall, vague gentleman in a grey goatee beard and shabby suit, sometimes issued statements to the press, and these began soon to assume the style and punch of Henri's writing.

The Anglo-French humiliation at Munich in 1938 so exasperated Henri that he slipped secretly and illegally into France in an ambulance, called a press conference at Magny-en-Vexin to denounce the appeasement of Hitler, and departed as secretly as he came.

Daladier, the Prime Minister, was furious, and Henri was taking risks by holding such authority as existed then in France to such contempt.

But Henri's instinctive bravura drove him ruthlessly forward. He whizzed so fast that his skates left not a crack in the thin ice.

He was assisted by one skill, unusual in princes, that appealed to Frenchmen. He wrote well, and his bulletins were earnestly studied.

In the meantime Isabella produced six children in the first eight years of her marriage. She was not included in the 1886 statute of exile, and visited Paris regularly with her family.

July, 1939, found Henri on holiday in Brazil. Smelling war in the air he rushed back to France and received a rebuff which he did not expect but which was scarcely surprising in view of his political machinations. President Lebrun refused to let him enlist in the French Army.

Lebrun was a weak man but not without humour and he knew the temperament of the dashing, scheming prince. Solemnly he made Henri a secret agent and sent him off to use his personal friendships to get information out of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, the Regent Paul of Yugoslavia, the Tsar Boris in Sofia and King George II in Athens.

Henri went off happily enough, but the German invasion of France in May, 1940, brought him back to Paris like the wind. This time, Paul Reynaud, who had other things to worry about, with France on the point of collapse, consented to let him join the army under another name. So Henri joined the classic regiment of secret souls, the Foreign Legion, enlisting in the same name that his father had used in the first World War—Orliac *"Citoyen Suisse. Né à Genève."*

Occasionally he was recognized but generally he was accepted, and packed with the rest, in third-class carriages, with the murderous, scabrous, fabulous *lie du monde* of the Legion.

"That Leopold," said a Belgian legionnaire. "He is a traitor to Belgium. But, Orliac, do you know who was his go-between when he was dealing with Hitler?"

"Who?" asked Henri innocently.

"The Count of Paris."

"Really?"

Henri had not even finished his basic training when France fell and Pétain signed the armistice. Within a few weeks of the incredible calamity of France's defeat, Henri received news that sent his future, once so clearly defined, whirling out of his control.

A cable from Larache stated that his father was dead, and Henri was now the head of the house. He took a special plane and arrived in Morocco to attend the funeral and contemplate his own strange position. There he stood, over the open grave, Pretender to the throne of France. . . .

Not only was there no throne. There was no France either.

Henri, Isabelle and their children moved during the war to a little village near Rabat in Morocco. Their house, Oued Akreuch, was pleasant but small and uncomfortable. It was wartime and there was no electricity in the evening, only oil-lamps, and often there was little enough fuel for that.

The Countess, one morning, found herself alone. The children and servants were sleeping and her husband was in Rabat. As usual she was expecting a baby and all at once she felt her first pain. She telephoned Henri but could not locate him. She telephoned the clinic who told her to come over immediately.

"I cannot," she said. "My husband has the car."

The clinic told her that there was no

DANGER—2

As soon as there is life there is danger.

R. W. Emerson

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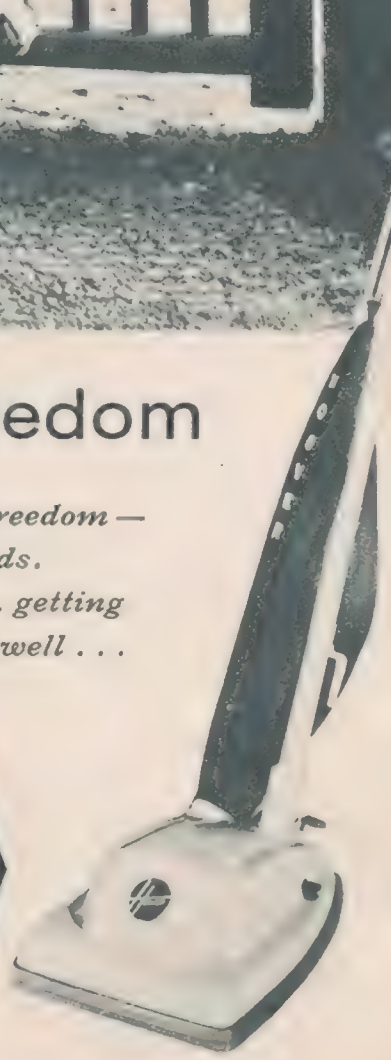

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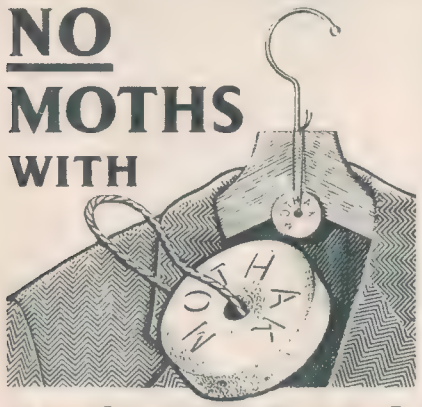

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DARKALINE

HIGH GLOSS STAIN

The uneasy heads

continued from page 28

petrol in Rabat for transport. This was an unpleasant situation. Accompanied by the children's governess, she hurried through the silent house to the garage where one of the earlier inventions of Monsieur Renault had been standing for the last few months.

She did not know if the car contained water, fuel, or was even roadworthy. With her pains coming more regularly she could not afford to care. She pressed the ignition and nothing happened. She pressed it again and it groaned. After five minutes the engine coughed itself into some arthritic kind of action. It rattled uncertainly out of the garage and on to the deserted, dusty road to Rabat.

There was no sign of wheeled transport, no trucks, no military vehicles. A breakdown now did not bear thinking of. Still she kept her foot on the accelerator, trying to think of nothing beyond the next kilometre gained. The Countess clenched her teeth and kept her head. Not so the poor, loyal governess who with each succeeding minute came closer to hysterics, and the Countess found herself having to laugh and joke despite the pains to keep up the woman's courage.

Eventually she chugged triumphantly up to the clinic where Henri, the doctors and nurses, were waiting in a sweat of anxiety.

As gracefully as though she were stepping down from a Coronation carriage Isabelle alighted, went to her room and delivered herself of twins. They were christened Jacques and Michel and brought her score up to nine—so far.

Tribulation had knit the family close. In the evenings, when the oil-lamps were working, they would gather in the drawing-room, and sitting on the floor, they would hear their father read aloud from a book. Sometimes they would dream, and talk about a possible return to France. This time their exile was not such a lonely one. It was a dream they shared with all the Frenchmen who adhered to the colours of General de Gaulle.

Morocco was nominally under French control and the Germans were rarely seen, but no one was fooled by that. Only the blindest of Pétainists believed that France was capable of freedom of action while the Germans controlled more than half the country directly, and the rest indirectly.

Henri continued to write his monthly bulletin, but now it had to be smuggled through both the Germans and the Pétainist police. One of his directives said: "On every occasion act as a Frenchman and by every possible means create opposition to invaders."

Meanwhile in the Allied camp his own fortunes were prospering, although he probably did not know it. As early in November, 1940, de Gaulle's headquarters in London was receiving the following secret intelligence from Free French agents in Tangier:

"The Count of Paris is merely waiting for the occasion to act, and throw off the Vichy mask which he keeps for the form's sake. The Count has studied the possibility of an action in North Africa based on British support. Desirous if possible, of acting . . . in liaison with Weygand, he has made him offers of co-operation.

"Weygand's reply arrived on November 13. It is favourable in principle. Subject to certain reservations Weygand . . . consents to rally eventually to the Count of Paris. We might, when certain details of Anglo-American support have been settled, see the Count of Paris, with Weygand's backing, proclaim the resumption of war, using North Africa as a base. . . ."

Two years later Britain, with the United States now in the war by her side, began building up forces for an assault in Morocco. Henri knew what was coming and could see with a terrifying vividness the schizophrenia which blinded the French authorities to the truth. He knew that General Nogues, an old-fashioned general infatuated with Pétain, would not hesitate to fire against the American and British troops, and the prospect filled Henri with shame.

He flew to Vichy to see Pétain, pleaded with him to leave France for North Africa, or at least to give orders to Nogues not to oppose the landings. Pétain just smiled.

"The man is neither deaf nor innocent," Henri exclaimed.

He tracked down Laval and dined with him. Laval laughed at the very idea of an Allied landing.

"You are still very young," he said to Henri. "Too young."

Henri admitted defeat, at least in Metropolitan France. He wrote to his representative in the so-called Free Zone of France: "The painful and even revolting details of this visit I don't want to talk about. These people don't know what they are saying and do not judge anything at its true value . . . I did not fail to tell them the truth . . . their cowardice disgusted me."

In October, one month before the landings, he went to Rome and called on the Pope. This did nothing to lift his morale. Pius XII was obsessed with fear over what would happen if Russia won the war, and could think of nothing else.

The invasion starts

Henri's gloom only lightened when he observed the German and Italian soldiers, both of whom seemed equally convinced that Germany would lose the war. With new hope he returned to Morocco and watched the Americans arrive. As he guessed, Nogues ordered his soldiers to open fire, but French resistance soon collapsed from lack of enthusiasm.

The events of the next few weeks were busy, confused and, as far as the Count was concerned, they ended in humiliation and failure.

De Gaulle's emissary who arrived in Algiers on December 19 was General François d'Astier de la Vigerie. His brother Henri was the leader of the movement which aimed at bringing the Count of Paris back into power. But effective power was in the hands of Admiral Darlan, who had been a notorious Vichyite before the liberation of North Africa and had now turned his coat with an alacrity which had startled public opinion in all Allied countries. The two brothers d'Astier were planning independently to bring Darlan down, François serving de

DO YOU UNDERSTAND CHILDREN?

See page 22

Understanding children is not a matter of experience, intellect or training, though all may help a little. It is a talent that grows by one's own wish because of a fundamental love of life. Your answers to the questions on page 22 should be scored as follows:

1. (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 5.
2. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 0. (d) 5.
3. (a) 5. (b) 0. (c) 10.
4. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10.
5. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5. (d) 0.
6. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 0. (d) 10.
7. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 10.
8. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 10. (d) 5.
9. (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 0.
10. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.

High marks, but not the very highest, are most commendable here. With 100 you may perhaps tend to spoil children, which is unfair because of their contacts with less kindly adults. 80-95: you are happiest with children around you, aren't you? And they love to be in your presence. 65-75: you try hard to understand children, but some bewilder you by their behaviour. 60 or fewer: you are probably one of those people who believe that most of the children of today are holy terrors (which they are not).

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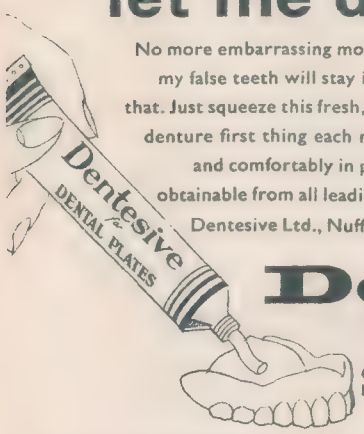

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The uneasy heads

continued from page 30

Gaulle, and Henri serving the monarchist cause.

On December 24, 1942, Darlan drove to his offices in the Palais d'Eté in Algiers. As he arrived he was shot down by a youthful fanatic and died an hour later.

The assassin, Bonnier de la Chapelle, to his own great surprise, instead of receiving a Legion d'Honneur was executed by a firing squad two days afterwards. De la Chapelle had been closely implicated with Henri d'Astier, but there was no evidence to suggest that the murder was occasioned by anything other than a rush of blood to the boy's head.

Nevertheless it had done the Count of Paris no good, and it led directly to another cruel stroke of luck. It could only have been bad luck that forced him to have his showdown with his worst enemy, General Giraud, in the brief period when the general was in a position of authority in the Allied team.

De Gaulle feared

Some Allied leaders, particularly in the United States, distrusted the Free French movement of de Gaulle and welcomed Giraud as a more conventional figure to put up as the symbol of French resistance. De Gaulle was obliged reluctantly to deal with Giraud, and in this period, the period of the assassination of Darlan, Giraud was Civil and Military High Commissioner in Algeria, and complacently considered himself the effective head of the French war effort.

He was sitting in his office in Algiers when he heard that the Count was asking to see him. In front of him he had a list of hypotheses for the assassination of Darlan, and it was an ugly one.

Did the Germans do it? The Vichy French? The Royalists? The Gaullists?

As to the first he had written: *Unlikely, no reason.* Vichy: *Ditto.* The royal hypothesis gave him pause. He wrote: *Disturbing thought*; and against the Gaullist hypothesis he wrote the same. There was no doubt which interests he intended to crush. He wanted no other figure to share the centre of the stage which he believed —erroneously—he was occupying. He looked forward with pleasure to the visit of the Count of Paris, whom he had never met.

The Count arrived and went into an eloquent plea for a reprieve of Bonnier de la Chapelle. Giraud realized with delight that the Count did not know that the assassin had already been executed.

"Too late," he said, and revealed that the boy was already dead. Henri went white and was silent. After a while he recovered himself and began to cover the situation as it concerned him, and the possibility of acting as the central figure in the French war effort. Giraud launched into a stream of abuse, ending with the assertion that the Count of Paris was in Algiers illegally.

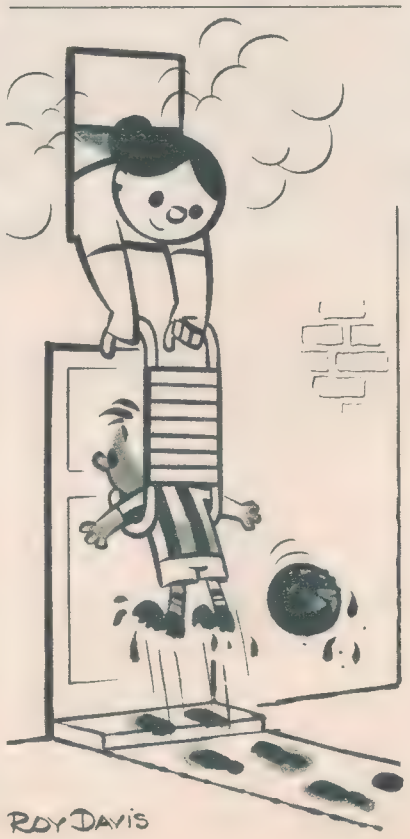
Henri bore the attack with dignity. Only one exchange lifted the quarrel to any level worth recording. Giraud said with a sneer, "Why don't you join the army again? We might make you an *aspirant*" (roughly an officer-cadet).

This taunt produced an instinctive response in Henri's sense of royalism.

"The head of a royal house," he said, "is permitted to hold one of two ranks, either commander-in-chief, or private second-class," and he took his leave.

It was a good exit, but he had to admit he had taken a beating. Giraud ordered him not to set foot in Algeria again. Tired and depressed, Henri left for Larache and fell so seriously ill that Isabelle felt, and still feels, that he had been deliberately poisoned.

Had things worked out better the Count might have ridden side by side with de Gaulle into liberated Paris. As it was, barred from Algeria as well as Metropolitan France, his war effort ended.



With his family he moved first to Spain and then to Portugal, Isabelle producing children at each stopping place. The total had now reached eleven. One more child and the President of France would automatically, by French custom, become its godfather. Henri, oppressed by the low state of his fortunes, was not in any mood to enjoy the paradox and Isabelle's child-bearing stopped one short of the republican dozen.

In Portugal the royal family lived as farmers. The countess and her daughters milked their forty cows, while the Count and Henri, his eldest son, tended 150 sheep. The family affection remained profound. The Countess was known in the family as the Minister of Fine Arts for her interest in the theatre and art exhibitions. Some time ago, Isabelle, the eldest daughter, was asked: "Would you like to have as many children as your mother?"

"Why not," said Isabelle. "Look at my mother and tell me if she is not younger, slimmer and more beautiful than a lot of women of her age who have no children at all."

In 1948 France's opposition to the Count started to soften. Permission was given by President Auriol for Prince Henri to come to France and study at the Lycée in Bordeaux.

In 1950 the long exile came to an end. The sixty-four year law barring both the Bourbon and the Bonaparte Pretenders from France was repealed. Prince Louis Napoleon had been living unofficially in Paris in the boulevard Suchet for years, but he had never been a person of consequence in French royalist circles. The Count's ancestral home was made ready for him, the magnificent Château d'Amboise on the Loire near Tours which had been rebuilt in the sixteenth century by the Bourbons on Roman foundations.

The Count also bought a home near

DANGER—3

A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterwards.

J. P. Richter

"Well, you can't write your name in the dust in *my* house"

Paris — at Louveciennes. A past obviously more gracious than its present inspired its name, le Manoir du Coeur Volant, the Manor of the Flying Heart.

As if they had never left it the Count and Countess of Paris and their family were immediately integrated into French life. The Count's sons prepared for military service, only his elder son, Henri, taken aside to prepare to carry on the family fight into the future should the Count be unable to win it in his lifetime. The Count was allowed the rights of every citizen except two. He could not be elected President, either of the Republic or of the National Assembly.

Since he has returned to France he has made himself a permanent and important figure in political life. He has steadily expanded the circulation of his bulletin so that it is now read by 40,000 people, amongst them the leading journalists and politicians in the country. Of all Pretenders in all the republics he is far and away the most influential.

Nothing brings out the monarchists more noisily than a royal wedding. The Count and Countess, in 1957, had two. The first was the wedding of their second daughter, Hélène, to the Belgian Count Evrard de Limbourg-Stirrum, after which, in the pioneer spirit that characterizes the family, Hélène turned her back on Paris society and went off to a remote ranch which her husband runs in Rhodesia, near Salisbury.

The second was more important. It involved Prince Henri, the eldest son and the Dauphin of France, to the Duchess Marie-Thérèse of Wurtemberg, daughter of Duke Philip of Wurtemberg and the Archduchess Rosa of Hapsburg.

Henri was a humorous, pipe-smoking young man of twenty-four, with a fondness for practical jokes and a Canutist attitude to his rank.

Like young Henri, Marie-Thérèse was a descendant of Louis-Philippe. She was twenty-two years old, and her father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all married Austrian archduchesses. Member of a pious Catholic house of Germany, Marie-Thérèse could one day be a German Queen of France, linking two of the most mutually suspicious nations of the world.

The wedding was an occasion which cost the Count an estimated £50,000 and brought the many-sided medal of monarchy glittering in all directions.

General de Gaulle sent the Count a letter which belongs to the realm of curiosa. *"The marriage is a reason for each Frenchman to rejoice,"* he wrote. *"But, also my lord, because the life of your family identifies itself with our history; because everything coming from you now is exemplary for the country; because your future, that of Prince Henri, and that of (your family) are bound up with the hopes of France. I salute the union which God is going to bless, as a great national event."*

Royalty musters

More than three thousand guests turned up in ninety-five degrees of heat, the greatest round-up of royal houses in years. But one house was notably absent—the House of Windsor.

To consider the future of the Count of Paris is to deal in incalculables. One thing, however, seems clear. He is closer to a return to some sort of constitutional power than he was a year ago. General de Gaulle is undoubtedly a monarchist in sentiment.

Kings can be pretty silly, but they rarely come as silly as French Presidents. Their record is a discouraging one.

De Gaulle's constitution is his bequest to his country. It is always hard for a man in his position to see at what moment he ceases to be indispensable, unless he finds himself able to yield graciously to a figure as symbolic and as non-political as his own. Who better than the Count of Paris?

The Count is esteemed throughout the country. He is respected by Frenchmen who do not respect the monarchy. He can afford to wait.

No one is more aware than he of the inevitability of change. The change may occur in the nation as it did in Greece, or in the man as it did with King Leopold. The Count of Paris sees no need to change himself. He is what he is and he has kept faith with himself. And France is changing before his eyes.

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"The Uneasy Heads" is published as a book by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at 21s.

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ADDRESS

JB2

Serial No. #1973 MEMBER GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEES REFUND OF MONEY OR REPLACEMENT IF NOT IN CONFORMITY WITH THE INSTITUTE'S STANDARDS

"Prussian blue . . . gamboge . . . burnt sienna . . ."

Earthshaker

continued from page 18

last encumbrance, freeing himself for the final thrust into the north. "You, Dakwa, do you see the place where this channel comes close to the river? Can you walk there and back without faltering?"

"I can," said Decker.

"Then do it. The river, coming from high land, approaches us straight as an assegai shaft; yet there it turns and flows away, where you would think it would come down this ditch. I have a desire to know why."

The warriors scooped away at the bank, gradually enlarging the hole from a dent to something which might be called an excavation. After a time they even sang as they drudged.

Soon Decker returned, Pata at his heels. The warriors had by then tunnelled out a small cave in the bank.

"There is a wall," said Decker. He didn't know the native word for dam. "A great wall made of stones and earth and the trunks of many trees, very old and black. Someone turned the river aside. I cannot see why it was done."

Lobengula went to the edge of the *sluit*. "Look there, and there, and down there. Do you see those deep pits? That is why it was done. They dug here for gold, or diamonds, or some other rare substance they coveted. They must have known by a sign that it lay beneath the waters."

"Who were they?" asked Decker.

Lobengula made a cabalistic motion, tantamount to crossing himself. "The ancients," he said, hushed. "They who held this land when the heavens were young."

Decker remembered that some called it the land of Ophir. Maybe it had been, at that.

When the cavity was large enough to receive all the ivory, the oxen were inspanned, and the driver, with Jacobs's help, turned the wagon and backed it towards the trench.

The bullocks were balky. And once they started moving backwards it was evident at once to the four men who saw them that they would not stop until they had shoved the wagon over the rim and been dragged down themselves.

Decker, yelling to the warriors who sat in the *sluit* unaware of their danger from the juggernaut, jerked out his revolver and fired past the king, catching the near wheeler at the base of his stub tail.

The huge back wheels of the wagon hung for an instant on the verge and then rolled off. The disselboom was jerked violently, but the tremendous weight of the disorganized team checked its pull. With a resounding smash the wooden bed struck the ground. The ivory, a score of magnificent big tusks, slid down the canted floor and shot out.

Shrieks of anguish rose from the ditch; Gabe Decker jumped into the old dike and ran to the jumble of black men and white elephants' teeth.

Those who were not hurt were standing now, while two or three who had been hit were trying to get to their feet. Decker's eyes were on his servant Pata, who had been down here helping to dig the hole. The boy had a tusk through his belly. He was staring at the butt of the thing and screaming.

Decker kneeled behind him and shot him in the head.

A second man who had been badly wounded was assegaied. Then the ivory was inspected for damage, and the pair of iron safes lowered by thongs down the wall. They were fitted snugly into two square pockets at the back and a rampart of stones was erected in front of them.

Decker sat opposite, his shoulders against the other bank, watching and swearing under his breath. It was going to be one hell of a job getting at the loot now.

Jacobs approached him. "*Kaptein*, I don't know where we are."

"You mean this place? Neither do I, for God's sake. I don't s'pose it has a name."

"No, no; I haven't kept track of our route. I never expected him to bury the stuff. I thought we'd simply snatch it, when the fool niggers all got tired and left him, so I didn't watch where we were going."

"Well?"

The half-breed breathed in Gabe's face. "You're a man of talent in these things. You can find it again. Can't you?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, grand!" Jacobs grinned. "But look here," he said, whipping round again, "what if something happens to you?"

"I'm not figuring to get killed," said Decker. He walked off briskly, unable to stand the half-breed's company any longer.

He was some way off when he heard a faint screech and then a shot. Unlimbering his shotgun, he ran towards

THUMBTHING by Stowell

the wagon, where figures were darting about at random.

There was another shot.

When Decker reached them only the king, Jacobs, and the two indunas were alive. Corpses lay beside the wagon, one atop the other at the bottom of the *sluit*, hanging half over the edge. Decker could read the story instantly. They had filled in the hole; then, as the warriors were clambering out, they had been speared by Manyao and Mjana. The dying yell of one had warned the others, two of whom in trying to escape had been shot by Jacobs.

Decker was not even shocked. He had seen so much killing among these people, casual and pitiless, that he had come to accept it as their mode of life. He only thought, *What about me?* and looked at Lobengula warily. But the king's expression was good-humoured and without guile. "Now there are five of us who know where my wealth is buried," he said, like a pirate chief on a beach, "and I know that you four are faithful."

You're smart, thought Decker, *but you got a blind spot at judgin' character.*

Day after day they moved on, bending aside for rivers and bogs, backtracking at an impassable kloof, yet always making a little progress before night, always forging to the north. About a hundred men remained in this lonely heeltap of the Matabele nation.

JACOBS began to pester Decker for a map of where the treasure was hidden. Threats and insults meant nothing to him. His determination was almost admirable. "Before you forget it, partner . . . in case you should be taken from me . . . just ten minutes would be enough. . . ."

Having no memory for places, he had utterly lost his way. He stared into Decker's inflamed face and shuddered. "It's only fair," he whined.

"All right," said Decker, and suddenly grinned. "If you won't trust me, I guess I better shut you up. Got any paper?"

Jacobs produced half a sheet of dirty foolscap from his jacket. Decker led him off to the side and sat down on a stone. He drew an arrow with an N below it, then put a circle at the foot of the paper. "Here's Bulawayo." He drew a zig-zag line and wrote instructions: *bog, river, tall rock,* and so on. When the line reached nearly to the top of the page he penned it sharp right, marked an X, and wrote *coulee*. He handed it to Jacobs.

"Now you got your stinkin' map, just don't badger me again, I'm warning you."

They were still in the fly belt and game was terribly scarce. Two days later when the first substantial prize, a cow giraffe, showed itself a mile or so off, Decker took a rifle and went after it.

Jacobs fell back to the tail of the column, waited till no one was watching, and hurried away on Decker's trail.

Jacobs, losing sight of Decker after a time, located the giraffe on the horizon and made for it. When he was quite near to the animal he wormed into a thick bush and settled to wait.

After what seemed a very long time he heard a shot. The lank spotted neck collapsed, and he heard the great legs kicking furiously. Jacobs crept out of his bush as Decker walked towards the carcass.

"What do you want?"

"I came to help carry the meat."

"I thought some of the men would follow me when they heard the gun," said Decker. He leaned his rifle against the enormous belly of the giraffe and slid out his knife, turning his back to the half-caste.

Jacobs raised his own carbine, holding the barrel in both hands. He was shaking with terror. He took quivering aim, and hit him on what he judged was the centre of the skull. Decker collapsed. His wide hat covered his head and Jacobs was afraid to twitch it off. The feel of the stock against bone had been reassuringly solid, however, and the breed nodded, biting his lips and trying to grin.

He put down the rifle and began to drag Decker's body towards an ant-bear's hole which he had noted from the bush. Decker was very heavy. Jacobs panted and grimaced. Finally he reached the hole; he heaved Decker into it headlong and kicked him on the legs and hips until he had wedged him well in.

His teeth were chattering with fear but before taking up his gun he found Decker's sheath knife and sliced a great chunk of meat from the giraffe's haunch; the meat would last him a long way on his southward trek. . . .

"MARIA!" He called to her again and again, the roan clop-clopping ahead, choosing its own path; then he heard her stallion approaching, and she said: "What is it, Ernst?"

"Maria," he said, groping out for her, "I am dying."

"Nonsense, you're growing well. The boils have almost gone."

"*Nee,* I am done." She was just a brown-red blur beside him. "*Liefste,*" he said, "where is Decker?"

"After a giraffe."

"I know that, but he should have come back an hour ago. I heard the shot. . . . Did any Kaffirs go to bring in the meat?"

"No."

"I don't like it. I'm going back."

"I'll go," she said.

"No, little heart, I can see well enough. Almighty, do you believe I'd ambush him?"

"You'll lose your way, Ernst."

"I can gallop as far as that *klein bossie* we passed through, and just beyond is the place he turned off, *nee*? There I'll shout and fire my gun. If you hear two shots, I'm signalling to him. More, and you'll know I'm in trouble. Don't argue!" he shouted, as she tried to speak. The firmness of his voice pleased him so that he raised it again. "Stay here, Maria! I have a foreboding, I tell you."

He twisted the gelding's head, rammed his heels into the horse and rocketed away, riding with low stirrups and the casual Boer slouch so that Maria would think he was quite himself again.

He nestled his gun between his right arm and side, thumbing it to full cock.

Dropping the reins on the saddle, he twisted his fingers into his left eye. By looking through the peephole of them he had found he could see reasonably well. There lay the giraffe, dead; he turned Isitwatwa towards it. Decker was not in sight.

Ernst stood up in his stirrups and bawled out: "Decker, man! *Hierheen* —this way, this way!" Nothing answered across the bushveld.

Calling to Decker, he rode around the giraffe in widening circles, a dozen laps or more. His vision was fading so quickly now that the immense bulk of the carcass had disappeared, and he guided the roan by the feel of its motions.

Isitwatwa shied convulsively at something on his left. Ernst brought him to a quick stand. It might be a giraffe, it probably was, but he could not see it. He swung his leg over the saddle, gripping the rifle and the reins, slid off, and stepped carefully in the direction of whatever had startled his roan.

He kicked something which he could not see, and bent to finger it. It was a man's leg in civilized trousers. He felt along the leg and discovered that most of the body was lying in an aardvark's burrow.

HE took hold of Decker's legs and hauled back with all his might, until he had drawn him slowly on to the open ground. Flopping to his belly, he pressed his ear to Decker's chest.

Well, the heart was going, a little erratically, but it was going. That was a miracle. You didn't often find a live man stuffed headfirst in a hole. Ernst pushed him gently and called to him. After a while Decker uttered a strangled cough.

"Oh, damn it, man," said Ernst, beginning to cry, "wake up, can't you? I'm dying, I'm dying, you've got to wake up!"

Decker said: "What is it?" and Ernst was so startled that he thought he had imagined it, until Decker said weakly: "That you, Ernie?"

"*Ja, ja,* it is I. Decker, what happened? Was it Kaffirs?" he asked all at once, afraid that he would faint.

"I think it was Jacobs. Yeah, it was. He must have hit me with a rock."

"Ah, that little swine. Why did he do it? Never mind. Listen, can you stand?"

"Not yet. I don't know. Knob on my head you could open a door with." There was a shuffling, and he said: "There, I can stand."

"Can you climb on the horse?"

"Hell, I can walk!"

"You feel strong," said Ernst, as Decker's arm came round his shoulders. "Can you get into the saddle?"

"Shut up about that, you'll ride. How'd you ever come to locate me?"

Ernst, with a great effort, lifted his arms and waved them at Decker's voice. "A week ago if I'd caught you alone I'd have killed you. That's what you'd expect, eh?"

"Well, it wouldn'ta surprised me."

"I didn't kill you now—I had my gun, I could have—Decker, don't leave my gun, it's a fine one, you must have it. Listen. Maria loves you. You must help her. I'm dying."

"Here's the horse. I'll help you on."

LAYING his face against the warm leather of his saddle, Ernst said: "Take care of Maria, and the gelding, too. He's a good little horse. You know him. Take them back south, quickly, Decker, there is death in these stinking lowlands. Do you love her?"

"Yes I do."

"I knew it. God, I knew it when I first saw you two together. I knew you were the finish of me with her. What am I talking about?" he said, shoving his head up from the saddle. "Yet if it were not for her we'd have been friends. Take away the women and the wealth of this world, Decker, and men would all be friends. Will you take care of her?"

"You know I will."

"Yes, that's why I saved you. Get to her, don't leave her, and go back before the horses are killed. You can distance those Kaffirs, they're all sick anyway. Go straight to where you saw them bury the diamonds. . . . Get clear of Matabeleland. God damn them, I'll cheat the Kaffirs yet! Be kind to Maria. I love her."

"Your worries are over, Prinsloo. See if you can hoist on to this saddle now."

"*Ja,*" he said, nodding, "my worries are over. How close I came to that treasure!" Decker must be pushing him up, he knew he was moving but he did not think he was helping very much himself. "You may wonder why I didn't go after the treasure when you'd buried it. Well, I was going to wait a little——"

"Ernie, if you don't mind my saying so, you'll be better off if you shut up."

The horse moved under him. Decker was leading it at a walk. "You should be riding, you fool," Ernst said harshly, "you're all her hope now, I'm a dead man."

"You'll live to have grandchildren if you shut up."

Ernst closed his mouth. Was Decker such a fool that he couldn't recognize death? Ah, no need to worry over that, he was no fool; he was trying to ease the last minutes. Ernst smiled.

The American walked on, leading the gelding. He did not look back until he had sighted the wagon and the Matabele. Then he said: "There they are, Ernie," and waited a moment, and turned, and saw that the Boer was stone dead.

Half the remaining oxen perished in the night; at sunrise they were swollen, flyblown and reeking, with bluebottles crawling on them in swarms as thick as pitch. Lobengula stood on his wagon, looking at them and at the seven which were still alive: miserable, staggering skeletons of bullocks. Then he turned his eyes to the army. It was in scarcely better case.

A king might walk on, yes, but these

Poet in the Garden

Spray gooseberries with sulphur now, and thin
If you've a thought of showing fruit to win.
But beware, Leveller, Amber, Golden Drop
Are "sulphur shy," so if you grow these, stop,
And choose some milder spray, or burn each leaf
That shows a sign of mildew, for relief.
Dust all with derris. Net your strawberry bed,
And see a mat of straw is neatly spread,
Or fruits will rot. Use jam-jars, lay inside
The finest berries. See each branch is tied
Where loganberries spread. Watch apple shoots
For caterpillars, and destroy the brutes
With D.D.T. Mulching your shrubs and trees
Will save you watering later. Watch for bees,
And don't use sprays that kill, or fruit and honey
Will be as meagre as a miser's money!

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Earthshaker

continued from previous page

last faithful men would die around him. They were the best of the Matabele and death was a poor reward for their fidelity.

"Come here," he said in a quiet voice. "Come to me, all of you."

They gathered at the wagon, the white woman and the white man among them. He scrutinized them again with profound despair. "My children," he said, "it is the end. You must go back. Go and make peace with Dakatela. Go sweetly and in peace, that you may rest."

"What of me?" asked his wife, sour and pettish to the last.

"Manyao, I give you Losikeyi to take to the Enxa kraal. She is in your care."

"I must now herd a cow south," said Manyao from the corner of his mouth to Decker.

The king lay down on the floor, where he could not see them leaving. The warriors stared at one another blankly. Then the captains moved among them saying: "Go, go home, it is ended."

When he could no longer hear any sounds of his subjects, the king sat up. He saw with surprise that a few of them were still there. "Why have you not done as I commanded?"

"You live," said Mjana firmly, "and while you are alive, I am your man."

"So am I," said Gabriel Decker.

Lobengula counted them; there were nine people waiting for his word. "But I am going to die here," he said.

"There is beef," said Mjana, pointing to the seven oxen. "Here are spears. There lies the north. Why should you die?"

Lobengula rubbed his chin. Why indeed? He had said once that he could walk if the wagons stopped. Faith mounted in him again. "Help me down," he said. They all came to do it, even the woman. He stalked towards the river. He said: "Dakwa, take the horse of Prinsloo and find a shallow ford for us."

When they reached the far shore, Lobengula swung out like a boy on a Saturday hike. The captains found it difficult to maintain the pace he set. He pushed his belly, the flesh rolling out above his fingers. "When we have crossed the Zambezi, I shall be a young warrior again," he said cheerfully. "See how the fat has diminished."

"The Black Calf grows younger every day," panted Mjana.

"He'll kill himself; he hasn't walked a mile in twenty years," Maria said.

"I don't know. I think he just might get where he's headin'. He's got something that keeps him going——"

"Majesty," she suggested.

"That's as good a tag as any. It's hell to see him without a kingdom."

DANGER—4

In extreme danger fear turns a deaf ear to every feeling of pity.

Julius Caesar

THAT afternoon they stopped to butcher an ox and rest. "See there," Mjana said, "beyond that ridge, it is the Mlindi River. I know it by those curious rocks, piled in the form of a maiden, which I remember."

"Old indunas are always thinking of young girls," said Lobengula, biting a bone. "How far is the Zambesi?"

"Four days' walk, no more."

"Good." The king rose and walked away from the fire. Decker was rubbing down his horse near by. "Dakwa, come here. Tell me," said Lobengula, his eyes roaming over the country ahead, "what do you see in tomorrow? Do you see a new Matabele nation?"

"I think it is possible, King."

"It is sure, for I am Lobengula."

His face was haggard with pain and exertion, his feet were splashed with his own blood where thorns and rocks had cut his sandals. He was lame from the gout and his viscera had been corrupted by ten thousand gallons of white man's liquor. And yet he was full of such hope that it was easier for him to march ahead than to sit still.

"*Ehe*," said Decker, "it is sure."

"When I have established myself among the Barotse—they know of me, Dakwa, they will greet us with fear and courtesy—I shall send these six captains south again. They will spread the word: 'Lobengula lives, he calls for you.' Slowly my *impis* will gather, until I am ready to stand up and take the country of the Barotse in the palm of my hand. You and Mjana will be my great indunas, my generals."

"*Ehe*," said Decker, half believing it all.

LOBENGULA'S mind dropped abruptly into the past. "Your guns never came, Dakwa," he said. "I wonder if the English captured them. It does not matter. I would rather have had you than all the guns of your country."

"*Inkosi*," said Decker humbly, and thought he had never felt so downright mean in all his ornery life.

"Let us go on a little before the sun is down. I am burning to look upon my new lands." The king walked rapidly towards the ridge that separated them from the Mlindi River.

The others got up and collected their weapons, and fell in behind Mjana. Lobengula laboured up the short, sharp rise and passed out of sight. Decker, mounting and whistling his dog on to the saddle, rode back to resume herding the half-dozen animals.

Mjana crested the ridge. He cried out in a great voice and, flinging aside his shield and spears, ran down the other side. Decker urged his mount forward. The country spread out before him, a long easy dip to the river. A little way down the slope, Lobengula had fallen; Mjana kneeled beside him, looking into his face.

Mjana remembered a cave near the river. They laid the body of the king before it. Mjana said in a melancholy voice: "Who has done this?"

"No one. His heart burst."

Mjana walked among the bullocks, choosing the two finest. "Slaughter them, and take off their hides." It was done with the assegais.

GABRIEL DECKER and the girl, their horses tethered, sat by the cave entrance. Maria said: "No one else could have checked his armies and still kept the Europeans at bay for so long."

"Politician," said Decker. "That reminds me." He put two fingers into the pocket behind the Apache scalp where he carried his matches. Groping, he found his old brass lucky piece and withdrew it.

"This doodad's the only thing I own, I guess, that means anything to me. I had it when I was a kid. Used to

"Well, what's it going to be, old man—Jersey full-cream or plain pasteurized?"

BE A BETTER DRIVER

Steering clear of trouble

How do you steer your car? Be honest. Do you sometimes rest your right elbow on the frame of the opened window, dangerously restricting the use of that arm?

Do you prefer to hold the lower half of the wheel, again restricting your arm movement? Do you hold the wheel in a grip of iron as if making an attempt on a speed record?

All these are faults which should be rectified, for the expert driver knows that he can react quickly only if he has complete control.

Assuming that the wheel is a clock face, the most favoured position of the hands for balance, freedom of movement and maximum control is, generally speaking, to have the left one at "ten o'clock" and the right one at "two o'clock." Thus, it is easy to make emergency turns.

Some people find that the "quarter to three" position is an easier one for them to use, and it is in fact an equally satisfactory position from the point of view of control, etc.

Comfort is also very important. It is surprising how many motorists drive a car for years without bothering to make themselves comfortable.

Sit in your driving seat and adjust it, forwards or backwards, until your hands rest naturally on the wheel at "ten to two" and you are neither leaning forward nor stretching.

Now let's look at the grip on the wheel.

A car's steering mechanism, more than anything else, gives the motorist the "feel" of his vehicle. Therefore hold the wheel lightly but firmly.

Your grip must, of course, be tightened when driving fast, or when cornering or braking, but it should never be a constant vice-like hold. This not only tires the driver, who gets the full benefit of every bump in the road, but also leads to those unsympathetic movements of the wheel which can cause skidding.

When turning the wheel use the "push-pull" method. For example, when turning to the right pull down the wheel from the two o'clock position with the right hand while loosening the grip of your left hand so that the rim may slide through it.

In short, remember that all turns, to left or right, should be as gradual and as smooth as possible.

Finally, except when you are doing some difficult reversing, and rules for holding the wheel obviously can't apply, never allow your hands to cross over at the top of the wheel.

Compiled in co-operation with The Institute of Advanced Motorists. A non-profit-making organization, its object is to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

think it was gold. You s'pose they'd let me bury it with him? For luck, kind of?" He glared at her, half expecting her to laugh.

"May I see it?" He handed it over. She read: "*William M. Tweed . . . Your Friend and Mine.* They'll put all sorts of objects in the tomb, the pots and rifles they have left and their own amulets; I'm sure you can give him the coin."

Mjana was sewing the corpse into the two oxhides. Lobengula was already wrapped from feet to waist. Decker squatted beside the induna and waited until the crude stitching had advanced as far as the neck.

"I have a powerful fetish here," he said, pitching his voice so low that none of the others could hear him. "It is so full of magic that no man can look on it twice without sickening. I have had it for thirty years and my eyes have never touched it since it was given to me. Now I would bury it with the Sun of Kumalo."

"What does it do?" asked Mjana, peering at Decker's closed fist.

"It secures a man from harm; and if a dead man lies with it in the grave, his spirit will not walk restlessly."

"*Au,*" said Mjana, trying to tear his gaze from the fist, "I always knew you had a strong medicine."

Decker suddenly opened his hand. Mjana's eyes widened until they started from the sockets. He sighed. "I can feel it," he said, and covered his face.

"Do not look at it again," warned Decker. "I will place it in the shroud."

He dropped the old charm between the body and the hide and in the same motion he caught two small keys which Lobengula had worn on a dirty string around his neck. With a quick jerk he pulled them free and he folded the skins across the king's face, finding time even while performing this small and dangerous bit of skulduggery to stare compassionately into the half-closed eyes of the dead man and think, *So long, Earthshaker. You were as rip-snortin' as they come.*

"It is hidden," he said to Mjana, "finish your work." He stood up. Mjana gave him a glance of awe, tinged with distrust, and continued his sewing. Decker walked back to Maria.

Now it was done. The captains carried the sacred burden in to lean it against a wall, with much care, in a sitting position; around it they laid their meagre tribute, all they owned save one shield and assegai to each man. At last the warriors backed out and began at once to pile rocks across the mouth of the cave. Decker and Maria stood watching, a little dulled, a little hypnotized.

Finally Decker said: "Look, honey, it's done. I got to get you out of this quickly, we want to be clear of the fly belt as soon as we can."

"That's right." She went to the old induna. "Mjana, we are leaving."

"*Hamba guhle, umfazi.* Go sweetly. And you, Dakwa. Walk well." He stepped across to Decker and shook hands with him in the white man's fashion, evidently surprising himself by the gesture.

"I wish you had been black," he said gloomily. "*Hau, hau,* you are not such a bad warrior in spite of your colour."

Decker and the girl untied their horses and got on. The red bitch jumped to the saddle in front of her master. They rode off the way they had come.

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NEXT WEEK: Decker fights for a fortune in the river of death

Will they walk home with the Walk-over Cup?

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cup team. Following a "trial" match at Lytham St. Anne's last month, the final ten were picked.

They have reason for confidence. Two years ago at Minikahda, the results of Oppenheimer's "four-year victory plan" began to show at the half-way stage. The British golfers surprised the Americans by getting closer to winning than any other visiting team in thirty-seven years.

"Nothing is more irritating than the cocksure attitude of the Americans and that is why we must beat them this time," says Bobby Selway.

The Americans, who are chosen from an estimated four million U.S. golfers, count Walker Cup selection as a tremendous honour. Their playing attitude had always been more ruthless than that of the casual British until Oppenheimer came on the scene.

Since his appointment as chief selector, Raymond Oppenheimer has swept away this casualness in both selection and play. "Past British sides have had a national hypnosis about losing," he says.

Oppenheimer, who was left more than £420,000 when his father, Sir Louis Oppenheimer, died in 1956, has used a combination of coaxing, straight talking and psychological warfare to boost the morale of his golfers. Douglas Sewell, a twenty-nine year old artisan golfer from Woking, was an £8-a-week railway linesman and lacked self-confidence when he came to the notice of Oppenheimer three years ago.

Soon after he took over as chief selector, Oppenheimer announced that he was prepared to consider any golfer for cup play. When an Accrington clergyman wrote to tell him of the feats of a golfer named James Rothwell, Oppenheimer motored to Lancashire. Later, Rothwell, a middle-aged, self-taught golfer, played for England.

On another occasion Oppenheimer was walking with Gerald Micklem on a golf course at Deal when he saw a strongly built youngster driving off a tee a hundred yards away. "What a promising player, but what a hopeless grip," exclaimed Oppenheimer. The golfer was Alan Thirlwell, of Newcastle. After Oppenheimer had put him right about his grip, Thirlwell won two English championships and played in the 1957 Walker Cup match in America.

In his heavy greatcoat, and armed with a shooting stick and an umbrella, Oppenheimer is an awesome figure to prospective Walker Cup players as he strides over the loftier parts of golf courses. "Dr. Frank Deighton, the Scottish amateur champion of 1956, is often paralysed by the sight of Raymond," says Micklem. "Other cup players, like Guy Wolstenholme and Alec Shepperson, do better when he is around."

Oppenheimer is fully aware of the effect of his presence. He deliberately kept away from early-season tournaments, such as the Sunningdale and Wentworth foursomes, to give players the chance to find their best form. Early results have raised his confidence considerably.

Inspired by Oppenheimer's faith in their ability and encouraged by a stream of letters and telephone calls from Micklem, the team has trained as no other British golf team has ever trained for a match.

Last autumn, Douglas Sewell, who is only five feet seven inches in height and weighs under ten stone, confided to a friend, Jimmy Hitchcock, the professional at Ashford Manor, that he would like to be stronger to improve his game. Hitchcock, who increased his own muscle-power by taking a body-building course, advised Sewell to do the same. Sewell did so, put on seven pounds, and is hitting the ball farther than ever.

Joe Carr, the thirty-seven year old Irishman, who has gained every golfing honour except that of helping Britain to win the Walker Cup, installed floodlights in the trees at the bottom of his garden to illuminate a green of the Sutton course which adjoins his Dublin home. He has worked endlessly on his pitching and putting there.

Carr also put on ten pounds in weight by taking a weight-lifting course under the supervision of Dr. Kevin O'Flanagan, the former Arsenal winger, who played rugby and soccer for Ireland. Always a powerful player, Carr is now hitting the ball phenomenal distances. He has played ten "friendly" matches this year against Harry Bradshaw, the Ryder Cup professional and runner-up in the individual event of the last Canada Cup world competition, and has won six of them.

After a lifetime of watching the successes of transatlantic golfers, Oppenheimer does not underestimate this year's American team. But his opinion that the British players are good enough to win at Muirfield will be respected on both sides of the Atlantic.

When America won at Minikhada two years ago, one player voiced his feelings about their next trip to Britain. "I'm not afraid of British golfers," he said. "The guy I'm frightened of is Oppenheimer."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

LEAVE IT TO ALGY—new complete story by

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

FOR some time in my new house the gas meter wasn't working properly. Now I have a bill from the Gas Board for 200 cubic feet while in fact during the period immediately before I used only 107 cubic feet. Must I pay all this?—A. S., Sheffield, 8.

● Under the Gas Board's conditions of supply they have power to assess an average charge for gas used during the time the meter was not functioning properly.

Unless you can produce evidence to show that the amount assessed is unreasonable they could refuse to continue your gas supply until you pay up.

This may be unfair in your particular case, but the Board's conditions of supply are binding and apart from court action there is no means of redress.

ORDER SUNK

BETWEEN ordering a boat and paying the full deposit, and delivery, the price went up so much that I had to cancel my order. Now the boat firm says I'm not entitled to a return of my deposit because the value of the work done is in excess of that amount. Am I entitled to my money back?—F. P., Bexleyheath, Kent.

● Unless there was any proviso in the agreement to buy the boat to the effect that the price could be increased if costs increased, there appears to be no reason why you shouldn't cancel your order and reclaim the full amount of your deposit.

It would be advisable for you to get a solicitor to deal with the matter.

AERIAL TROUBLE

THE house I live in is semi-detached, and my neighbour has had a TV aerial fixed to my chimney without asking my permission. Has she any right to do so?—G. B., Worcester.

● Your neighbour has no legal right to attach any part of the aerial to your chimney without your consent. In the circumstances you state she can be compelled to remove it and could be held liable for any damage that might have been done in fixing it.

QUIET HAVEN

I SHOULD like to sound-proof a room in my house so that radio or television at reasonable strength cannot be heard in other rooms. Is this feasible? —G. C., Wirral, Cheshire.

● You can either fix acoustic boarding or tiles directly to the walls and ceiling, or mount the acoustic boarding on battens, filling the space behind with a fibre-glass quilt or some similar insulating material.

To insulate for the room below as well the best thing would be to stand the television or radio set on a table, the legs of which rest on rubber pads.

ON THE WALL

CAN you give me some advice on making cupboards for the kitchen wall? I'd like to know what type of wood to use for the frame and how to make the frame.—Cpl. J. S., R.A.F. Halton, Bucks.

● You should use solid wood or ply ¾ in. thick, in preference to frames and hardboard.

For the doors—hardboard sliding doors, running in double track—channel section wood would be the most suitable.

LOOKING GLASS

WE have a hanging mirror with a plywood back. This has been eaten by woodworm. As the plywood is apparently cemented on to the mirror, it is difficult to remove the backing. Is there some way of seeing to the damage without injury to the mirror?—H. H., Newport, Mon.

● The methods and materials used in making and mounting mirrors are secrets closely guarded by the manufacturers. In view of this it would be better for you to have the backing removed by a glass merchant. The silvering on the glass is very easily damaged.

BABY'S COT

WHAT paint would be suitable for painting a baby's cot and playpen? I know that the paint will have to be lead free, but do not know of a brand which does not contain lead.—Mrs. A. M. G., Middleton.

● At one time all good oil paints contained lead pigment, but in recent years this has gradually been replaced by other substances such as titanium oxide.

You will find that paints containing lead now come under the category of special purpose protective coverings and the fact that lead is used is marked clearly on the tin.

You will be quite safe to paint a baby's cot or playpen with any of the plastic paints on the market, or with an oil paint from a reputable manufacturer.

THREAD LINE

COULD you tell me where I can obtain "small tension screws" for stretching thin wire with right- and left-hand threads?—H. C., Thorne, nr. Doncaster.

● The screws you have in mind are known as rigging screws. Most good ironmongers or builders' merchants should stock them. If you cannot obtain them, write to S. Turton and Co., 396A Nechells Park Road, Nechells, Birmingham, 7.

OFF THE RAILS

I WOULD like to remove the picture rail in my lounge and wonder if you can point out the difficulties in doing this. I am doubtful whether I could replaster right along the line of the rail.—D. H., Leicester.

● Remove a section of the picture rail and find if the wall was plastered before the picture rail was fixed, you may only have to make good the plug holes.

If the rail was fixed before plastering you should call in a plasterer and ask him to use vermiculite plaster.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Non-scratch vases:** Stick circles of Fablon to the bottoms of unglazed pottery vases. This will prevent these scratching polished surfaces. Unglazed pottery also tends to hold moisture, so this tip also prevents any water marks on furniture. (Miss N. Clark, Kingston upon Hull.)

● **Unexpected guest:** A three-way item of furniture which can be turned into a chaise-longue, occasional chair or a comfortable full-size single bed, solves the problem of where to sleep the unexpected guest. This triple-purpose Hideaway bed is upholstered in Vitafoam Latex with a colour choice of nineteen colours. Price 17 to 21 gns. according to cover. From all houses of John & William Perring.

● **Suède cleaner:** Two new colours, sand grey and soft green, have been added to the Persuede dry cleaner block range, in keeping with this year's fashion colour choice. This block acts like an eraser, rolling away dirt and removing shine and leaving suède with its original soft, dull texture. Blocks also available in black, white, navy-blue, dark brown, mid-brown, beige, green, grey and red. A block lasting several months may be bought for 3s. 11d. at any shoe shop, repairers or department stores. By New Way Products, 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

● **Uplift for garden gate:** A garden gate which has dropped so that it scrapes the ground can be raised by slipping a few thick iron washers on to the shaft of the hinge. Failing this a short length of iron piping can be used. (Mr. A. Wilson, Edinburgh, 10.)

● **Neater painting:** A rubber band slipped over the head of the bristles of your paint brush, when doing a job which calls for more than usual neatness. The band binds the bristles together and your painting will have cleaner lines. (Mrs. V. H. Ferguson, Carlisle.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL and EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

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Bullets No. 2,187 Result:

£850 "Own - your - Home" Award or £750 lump sum: J. Ames, 102 Crown Street, Lowestoft: **In The Heart Of The Mighty—Polio "Dragon," Needle's "Sword"!**

£50 B. H. Sargent, 17 Evesham Road North, Reigate: **A Golden Key — Sonny's Making—He's** *Apprenticed*!

£25 R. Barnett, 4 Langley Hill Close, Tilehurst, Reading: **An Old Song — And** *Veterans* **Remember "Lines"!**

£10 Mrs. B. A. High, 51 Edilom Road, Manchester: **A Golden Key — Goodwill — Could "Turn"** *History*!

£9 G. I. Hennessy, c/o The Café, Castledermot, Co. Kildare: **Unknown World — Discovered, "Pushing" My "Raleigh."**

£8 J. Worrall, 2 The Square, Chapel Road, Penketh, Warrington: **When The Kids Are In Bed—Necks, Knees,** *Naughtiness* **"Scrubbed"!**

£7 D. C. Fisher, 9 Maes Maelor, Penparcau, Aberystwyth: **Girl Of Today—Fly-by-night—Until** *The* **Day!**

£6 A. Hind, 85 Fraser Road, Greenford, Middlesex: **Man, The Builder — Delayed —** *Creates* **"Rainy Days."**

£5 N. Kitchingman, 56 Stamford Avenue, Blackpool: **If I Were The Boss—Enlarging Company? Expanding "***Corporation***"!**

£4 G. W. Knopp, 18 Wolverton Road, Newport Pagnell: **Will Have To Be Shipshape — Excuse—***Dad* **"Rolling" Badly!**

For ten winners of £3 see *Bullets Bulletin*, 2,100 other Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4 Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 30, for early news of No. 2,192 result.)

WIN this week's wonderful 3-in-1 Prize for *Fun With Words!* It can bring you a £650 cheque on May 30, followed by a thrilling new £150 "Fridge-plus-Food" Award. It's a £68 6s. PRESTCOLD "Big Four," *plus* weekly FREE supply of top quality poultry, meat, fish, butter, cream and frozen foods to keep your refrigerator full for 1959.

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Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

On Top Of The World	Off Came His Coat And
Too Much Food	Flowers Everywhere
The Magic Of A Smile	Job For A Diplomat
Trade's Our Lifeblood, So	Rowdies And Lay-abouts
Thanks To The Chancellor	Flat Out
The Yellow Peril	Grandpa's Blunderbuss
Where The Money Goes	A Simple, Country Lad
Strange And Frightening	At St. Bendover's Sports
Stemmed The Torrent	Baffled
Heartless	Slogan For The Railways

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

To Get Rid Of The.....	Deaf To The.....
.....In The Park	No Ordinary.....
Even If It's	Made The ..... Wince

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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

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